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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 28, 1968 50 CENTS

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Next week

THE RECORD OLYMPICS round out two weeks of controversy and marvelous performances in a host of medals. Color photographs and a summation of the XIX Games.

THE REAL PEARL is Earl Moore. The Baltimore Bullets amazed with his flash last year. Now, Frank Deford writes, the pros are calling him one of the best offensive stars ever.

COLTS VS. RAMS Two powers square off against each other for the lead in the NFL Coastal Division, just as they did in the final game last year. Tex Maule covers the action.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

That self-portrait of an artist doing a self-portrait of an artist (*below*) is from the Princeton, N.J. studio of Robert J. Velde, a fellow we turn to frequently when an especially amusing article needs especially amusing illustrations. As you will see (page 76), he was a natural choice to illustrate Joe Jares' nostalgic and merry reminiscence of life in a university fraternity house dominated by athletes.

It was only natural, too, that Bob Velde should have turned out to be both an artist and a sports nut. His father, who was a Pierce-Arrow dealer-distributor in Bloomington, Ill., had been a racing-car driver (Locomobiles and Stutzes), and his mother was a

the Sulu Archipelago and Borneo—partly because of the good fishing they afforded.

"I caught some good-sized sharks," he says, "and we used to harpoon giant rays from the bow of our ship."

It was not until after the war that he studied art and then with an eye to becoming an art director. He disliked his first job (with a New York fashion agency) and soon moved on to become head art director for Columbia Records. He didn't care much for that, either, and quit to free-lance as an illustrator. At the same time (like father, like son) he became interested in racing his MG/TC, "but my record would hardly have awed Juan Manuel Fangio or Stirling Moss."

In May 1954, along with his wife (who had been in the French underground and was imprisoned by the Nazis at Ravensbrück), his 3-year-old daughter and his springer spaniel, he set sail from Mattituck inlet on Long Island Sound for Florida in a 24' 6" Lawley sloop.

"It was rough and wet," Velde recalls, "and I had to send the family part of the way by train. I was caught in a squall on Chesapeake Bay, the boom swung into me after the down-haul snapped and fractured my wrist. Finally, I dodged in behind Gwynan Island (three miles off the mainland) with a couple of feet of water in the hold and luckily was able to get into the fishing dock under canvas." He picked up his wife and daughter at Norfolk and had a "very pleasurable voyage from then on."

Having settled in Coral Gables, he won several awards for international posters, raced his Porsche Super Coupé and did a lot of fishing. Now, back in the Northeast with his racing days behind him, he drives a Fiat-Abarth Spyder to the tennis courts where he plays a mediocre game with enthusiasm—enough, in fact, to make him appreciate the sitting-down part of watching pro football.



member of the same family as James McNeill Whistler.

In the early '30s the Velde moved to Chicago, where Bob won his letter as left end on the Hyde Park High School team. At the University of Chicago, in the days when that school fielded a football team, he played freshman ball and majored in geology. He did lots of sailing on Lake Michigan as part owner of a 21-foot Crosby cabin sloop, and during summer vacations cruised all the Great Lakes.

Velde spent most of World War II at sea with the Coast Guard. He was commanding officer of various anti-submarine vessels—on the Greenland Patrol, on the Eastern Sea Frontier (where he won the commendation of Admiral Jules James), then in the South and Southwest Pacific. His favorite patrols were run between Zamboanga and

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Gary Hall

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SHOPWALK

If you happen to lose your marbles, the Vitro Agate Co. stands ready to help

Whatever else the kids are doing in the school yards this year (and parents may shudder to think), you can be sure that at least some of them are playing marbles. Kids were playing with polished-and-rounded stones in Egypt and Rome long before the Christian era, and it's a safe bet that they will go on playing with similar baubles of glass and plastic until the ultimate bomb fuses the world into one big aggie.

It's another safe bet that most of the cat's eyes, all-reds and gems that the kids are playing with right now were manufactured by Henry Arthur Fisher, proprietor of the Vitro Agate Co. of Parkersburg, W. Va., the largest firm in the marble business. Fisher's factory turns out some 600 million glass marbles a year, of which about three-fourths are sold to the toy departments of such stores as Woolworth's and W. T. Grant.

In addition to the standard game played in school yards, marbles, like dice, are part of the required equipment in a host of painted games, such as Chinese checkers. Each year the game industry provides a huge demand for marbles of all sorts, but the demand is a highly variable one. Today, for example, Chinese checkers is very big, and each set requires 60 marbles, 10 each of six different colors. But interest may die out at any time. Then some other game will come along to succeed it in popularity, and another type of marble will be put into production. That has been the history of marble games.

Fisher, as a young glass technologist, designed one of the first automatic machines for the production of glass marbles in the mid-1930s. Until the mid-20s they had been laboriously manufactured by means of a slow hand process. Today marbles are manufactured much in the same way as a housewife turns out a pan of fudge. The first thing necessary is a good recipe for mixing the batter.

The marbles are made from pieces of glass scrap called cullet, which are combined with two basic ingredients, silica sand and soda ash. The sand used by the Vitro Agate Co. is the finest variety available. At least 20 other materials are included in proper quantities to complete Fisher's secret formula for producing high-grade, clear and colored glass. The mixture is shoveled into a two-ton melting furnace that has been heated to a temperature of 1,500°F to 2,500°F. After six to eight hours, when the mass has reached the consistency of thick molasses, it's ready to be formed into round glass balls. To achieve various color effects, oil-

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SHOPWALK *continued*

er materials are added while the molten glass is flowing into the cutter assembly. Then small droplets form on two parallel spinning screws. The cooling glass balls run along the groove between the screws and drop down into annealing trays, where the hardening and cooling processes are completed. The marbles are then placed in sorting trays and hand-sorted and packed for shipment. They go all over the world, since some form of marbles is played by kids in virtually every land.

One-fourth of Fisher's output, however, goes not to kids for fun and games on the playground, but to grown-ups for a variety of industrial uses, for jewelry and for decorating furniture.

Marbles also serve as an aphrodisiac for fish. Whether or not it is because they suggest caviar no one seems to know, what is known is that tiny glass balls scattered over the bottoms of fish hatcheries inspire the fish therein to heroic new efforts in spawning season.

On a loftier scientific plane, marbles have inspired other advances. The Dymaxion philosopher Buckminster Fuller worked out the theory that led to the invention of the geodesic dome by packing round marbles together in tight geometric forms. Lithographers use a mixture of marbles, oil and emery dust to give their lithographic plates a high polish.

Marbles until recently were used in the manufacture of whiskey bottles to make one-way valves in the necks so that liquor may be poured out but water may not be poured in. The manufacture of fiber-glass fabrics begins with small glass balls. The proper mixture of glass to make the cloth is first fashioned into marbles. The glass threads are then drawn out of the marbles in somewhat the same way that cotton thread is spun out of the cotton boll.

The tiniest marbles of all, perhaps, are used to increase the effectiveness of glowing signs along the highway. In signs that seem to be lighted from within, hundreds of tiny glass balls catch the light from oncoming headlights, refocus it and shine it back on the driver.

Since glass is acid-proof, marbles are also useful in oil and acid filters. Glass balls are being used as well in ball valves for ball bearings and ball sockets. Paper mills use them in connection with their paper-feeding devices.

Marbles are with us in one way or another virtually all the days of our lives. They accompany us all our days from just beyond the cradle to the grave—and even after. How's that? In many modern mausoleums a dozen or so eggs are placed under coffins in the crypts so that they will roll more easily across the floor in case they need to be moved.

—CHARLES LAYNG

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It says VW. (Which is your first clue.)

But even though the Maserati Ghibli (lower left), the ISO 3-4 (upper left) and the DeTomaso Mangusta (lower right) are \$10,000-plus sports cars, they have a lot in common with our \$2,999* Karmann Ghia, looks.

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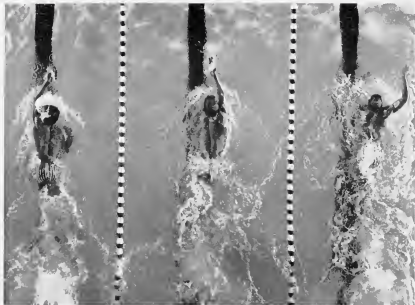
get a Volkswagen.

Which is precision machinery of a slower, less troublesome variety, yet fast enough to attract the attention of every highway patrolman in the country.

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Carnation® Instant Breakfast® Carnation Company, Los Angeles, California

Research documents Carnation Instant Breakfast "Energy Edge"

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You'll want to hear more. And you can. From your Buick dealer. The 1969 Buick LeSabre will give the two of you more than enough to talk about.

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The Bulova Oceanographer.

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*When case, crown and crystal are intact.



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See the Bulova Oceanographer Collection at
fine jewelers and department stores everywhere.
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SCORECARD

PENNANT RACE ISSUE

The night the Tigers clinched their first pennant in 23 years, Club Owner John Fetzer put his arms around Manager Mayo Smith and said, "Mayo, it was great. It was more than winning the pennant. This may save Detroit."

Fetzer was not the first to see Detroit's pennant fever as a unifying force. This summer radios blared play-by-play accounts on streets where there was gunfire the July before. The Tigers, unlike many sports teams, always draw a broad social spectrum, and this year thousands of bumper stickers saying "Sock It to 'Em Tigers" appeared—on inner-city used cars and suburban station wagons alike. Black Leftfielder Willie Horton, who grew up in Detroit and visited ghetto schools all last winter saying, "Work hard, stay out of trouble, take care of your bodies," was cheered most boisterously by the fans in the lower left-field seats (\$1.50), who were mostly white. White Rightfielder Al Kaline was the favorite of those in the right-field bleachers (75¢), who were mostly black.

The night of the day the Tigers won the World Series 150,000 people jammed the downtown area, traffic was stopped, confetti was nearly knee deep in places, streamers hung from the overpasses for 13 solid miles, and stores were broken into. "It was worse than the riot for us," said a sporting goods dealer. There was a rape in the heart of the celebration area. An interracial group of 90 was assembled in jail, on charges of looting, robbery, assault, auto theft and shooting guns, mostly into the air. Two young men died when they fell off cars and skulled themselves on the pavement. There were fights and brawls and cheering, and whites and blacks rode on top of the same cars together. Merchants complained, just as they had during the riot, that the police stood around and did nothing. "Our biggest problem," said Police Superintendent John F. Nichols, "was telling the looters from the honest revelers."

The Standard Club, a group of Jewish businessmen, awarded a car near the end of the season. They gave it to Gates Brown, the great black pinch hitter, who said, "God bless you." It was that kind of baseball year, except when people got overexcited, in Detroit.

COUP DE GRÂCE

Not only has unbeaten Penn State's defensive unit—in a year when the big offense has dominated college football—held opposing teams to 15 yards per rushing play, but not only has it scored or set up 50 points in four games. Not only has it absorbed the loss of two starters and carried on with all juniors and sophomores. Not only has it warranted comparison when aroused with Attila and his Huns when they were aroused. It also has a tackle named Steve Smeier.

OPEN WARFARE

Last week in New York the National Tennis League and World Championship Tennis, Inc. joined arms for the first time in their year-long existences to level a blast at the United States Lawn Tennis Association. The two competing pro groups threatened to pull their players out of all open tournaments in the U.S. next year unless the USLTA agrees not to pay prize money to that dubious character known as the "registered player"—a player who can accept prize money but retain his amateur standing.

The NTL-WCT statement was the first salvo in a war that has been brewing since last spring, when open tennis, after decades of pro-am bickering, finally became a reality. The object of the war is to determine who will wind up with control of major tennis—the pros or the entrenched amateur bodies.

The pros' argument is simple: they have nearly all the world class players under contract, and they hope to sign enough of the remaining good amateurs, such as Arthur Ashe, Clark Graebner and Tom Okker, to create a viable pro circuit of their own, as pro golf has done.

To them, open tennis is an intermediate means to this end.

The amateur bodies' argument is equally simple: they have the sanctioning rights for the world's prestige tournaments, notably Forest Hills and Wimbledon, and through the leverage of the registered player and a plethora of open tournaments (as many as 20 worldwide next year) they hope to keep the good players and the prestige titles under their roof. The USLTA has been running tennis in this country—poorly, for the most part—for 87 years, and it is not about to give in easily. So far, the USLTA does not have a registered player category, but it is expected to create one at its annual meeting next February.

That will be the second salvo, and if you think the Paris peace talks have been dragging:

HARD ROLLING

The other night, in the lobby of the Park Lanes bowling alley in Charlotte, N.C., Moss Anne Flemmons, 23, was practicing her approach, just going



through the motions without releasing the ball—when all of a sudden, by mistake, she let it go. The ball began rolling toward a plate-glass door. She gave chase. It smashed through the door. She kept after it. It rolled across a porch overlooking a parking lot. She followed. Then it disappeared. She heard a loud double thump.

And when she reached the edge of the porch she saw a new Lincoln Continental 10 feet below, with two bowling-ball-shaped dents in its hood. And off in the distance the redoubtable ball was

continued

BATTERY POWERED

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FOR MEN

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SCORECARD *restaurant*

still rolling (It was recovered, undamaged, in a nearby field.)

The car's owner advised Miss Plemmmons that his insurance, while reasonably comprehensive, did not cover damage from a falling bowling ball. The lanes' owner said the policy on his door left \$75 to be paid by the kegler.

Miss Plemmmons says she has not given up bowling, but it seems likely her game will suffer. For a while she may find it difficult to let go of the ball.

HOME AT LAST

In their 43-year history, the Harlem Globetrotters have played before Popes, Presidents and potentates, and in just about every famous hall in the world except La Scala. Still, last week they were able to find one renowned basketball arena where they had never shown off their comic style. In a special exhibition at Intermediate School 201 on Manhattan's 127th Street, the Globetrotters (versus a pickup team of neighborhood kids) played for the first time in Harlem.

SOME NAMES ARE TOO BIG

"Lots of Big Men Have Big Names," said the billboard across from the Indiana State Capitol. "Eisenhower, Shakespeare, Washington, Michelangelo, Rickenbacker, Hippocrates, Shostakovich, Ruckelshaus, Hemingway, Moltenkopf, Parseghian, Aristotle." William Ruckelshaus is a candidate for the U.S. Senate, against Hoosier incumbent Birch Bayh. Both Purdue Coach Jack Moltenkopf and Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian, instead of being flattered by the rather fast company, protested the use of their names. The Ruckelshaus people said they had not intended to imply the coaches' endorsement, but now Moltenkopf's name is covered over with gold and Parseghian's with green.

FEELING THE DRAFT

One of the most surprising selections in last week's baseball expansion draft was the Kansas City Royals' choice of Baltimore's Roger Nelson. Nelson, though still pretty much a neophyte to the average fan, is regarded by baseball men as one of the most gifted young (24) pitchers around. In September he struck out 13 Red Sox in six innings and then beat Detroit's Denny McLain 2-1.

As much as the Orioles prized Nelson, there simply was not room for him

on their list of 15 protected players. Still, they felt they had a way to cover him as the first round, after which they could "freeze" three more men. The Orioles, certain the new clubs would take any decent catcher made available in the first round, dangled Larry Haney as bait, hoping he would be taken so they could then protect Nelson. The very first player chosen was Nelson.

"When we made the announcement," said Lou Gorman, farm director of the Royals, "I looked at the Baltimore table. I looked at [Manager Earl] Weaver and saw his face drop to his knees. Harry Dalton [Oriole director of player personnel] had a look of disbelief." And why had the Royals taken Nelson rather than Haney? "I used to work for the Orioles and I knew all about Nelson," Gorman explained.

RED POWER VS. RED TAPE

"The Great Spirit provided game for food for the Indians. The oppressors have no right to require Indians to have permits," So spoke John (Rolling Thunder) Pope, legal adviser for the Western Shoshone Nation, after a fellow tribesman had been fined for killing a deer off reservation grounds one day before the Nevada deer season opened.

The offending Shoshone, Stanley Smart, told the Winnemucca, Nev. justice of the peace he needed the meat to feed his five children. Smart's attorney argued that Indians were protected by treaty and hereditary rights, and said there might be an appeal. Rolling Thunder Pope was more to the point: "I predict the doom of the white man. The last time I did this, a great storm came up and caused great death and destruction. Only a few good whites will survive this time." And even as he spoke, according to observers, the approach of winter in the Winnemucca area was heralded by black clouds rolling across the mountains and strong winds whipping the desert sands.

And that wasn't all. The next week on the Ruby Valley Indian Reservation near Elko, a group of Caucasian deer hunters had set up camp and were relaxing with some firewater when suddenly the hills were alive with whooping Shoshones, complete with war paint, feathers and rifles.

The rifles turned out to be unloaded, but the raiding party gave the hunters 15 minutes to get off the reservation,

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

and the hunters, although some of them were loaded, complied.

The Shoshones had complained to the authorities about trespassers, explained a spokesman, and had been given the runaround. So the Shoshones taught them a thing or two about running around.

PURSUIT

Town Marshal Bob Lacquye of Naches, Wash. was trailing a suspected Army deserter from Fort Dix, N.J. one afternoon recently when the soldier slipped away into some bushes near the Naches High School football field, where Coach Jake Borek's Rangers were practicing.

The team spotted the fugitive and could see that he was increasing his lead over the marshal. Coach Borek decided it was about wind-sprint time anyway, so suddenly, in a burst of citizenship and scrimmage-weariness, the whole squad took off, as the coach remarked later, "like hounds after the fox."

The suspect heard a rumbling of cleats, looked up and saw 35 helmeted deputies bearing down on him. He put on a kick but was caught from behind, after a lively broken-field quarter mile across the school grounds, by a lineman. After gaining some 3,000 miles running, he found himself at the bottom of a pile.

THEY SAID IT

- Norm Van Brocklin, coach of the Atlanta Falcons, following their 24-21 upset of the New York Giants: "Atlanta has a lot of good young players. All they need is coaching."

- Bob Dinaberg, coach of California Western University, after his team's 31-0 loss to Cal Poly, during which Cal Western lost the ball on fumbles six times and once failed to score from the one-yard line in four downs. "We were no more ready to play Cal Poly than the United States was ready to defend Pearl Harbor. To top it off, when I got back to the coaches' office, I discovered someone—probably a Good Samaritan—had stolen our movie projector. I didn't want to watch that massacre anyway."

- Chuck Hixson, SMU quarterback and NCAA major college leader in total offense and passing, explaining why, although he is a slow runner, he has rushed for five touchdowns: "The defense doesn't know whether I'm sprinting out or walking over to talk to Coach [Hayden] Fry."

END



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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 24, 1984



THE LONG LONG JUMP

In an Olympics studded with broken records, none was more awesome than the leap by Bob Beamon, who went nearly two feet beyond anyone before him to help brighten the Problem Games

CONTINUED



Bob Evans, with a style all his own, flew to the record on his first jump, then collapsed when he realized what he had done.







A HIGH TIME FOR SPRINTERS—AND KENYANS

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

A young Mexican was found on the floor of a cathedral in Mexico City last week, all broken up over being made to set a record for descending the bell tower. The Mexican said that four pushy Cubans had gotten him off to a flying start. At the hospital where he was taken for repairs he told police that the Cubans chased him into the cathedral and up the tower after he refused to go along with their plan to execute an athlete—any athlete, apparently—on the United States Olympic team. The Cubans wanted to create an "incident." The young Mexican was to have been paid for the service, but he said he reneged.

The absence of a juicy conspiratorial homicide—real or fancied—did not, however, reduce in the least the spectacle the XIX Olympiad was making of itself. After one week of natural progress the Games had lived up to every fear that had been expressed for them—except, perhaps, the fear of the Mexicans themselves. The troops that ringed Olympic Stadium on opening day in anticipation of continuing the blood war with student rioters were mostly there for the sun. A passing German girl was whistled at, and when she looked she could see in the tall grass the lounging soldiers, dressed for battle, and a sergeant with a switch trying to keep them awake. The students, less than they had called a truce for the duration.

But what is peace except a very relative condition? There was no peace for those who feared the altitude. There was, instead, the awful sight of the great Australian distance runner, Ron Clarke, gray as dust, an oxygen mask pressed to his face as he lay unconscious by the track for 10 minutes after the 10,000 meters on the first day of competition. Everybody knew Mexico City was 7,349 feet high and that there was this crazy thing called "oxygen debt." Who had not heard the story of the International Olympic Committee meeting five years ago when Mexico City was chosen for the Games? One of the IOC members was supposed to have asked, "Will the altitude be a factor?" and the Mexican representative stood up and answered, "No," ending discussion.

Well, Ron Clarke has set 17 world records in his lifetime of running, and by sheer volume of statistics he could be considered the best distance runner of all time. At 31, he was having his last fling at an Olympic gold medal. He was fit and confident of victory and he ran the 10,000 beautifully until, with three laps to go, he tried to give it a little extra. His legs began to deaden, and then his arms. His vision blurred. He said he felt as if his heart was rapping through the wall of his chest. While Kenyan Naftali Temu was running away with the gold medal, Clarke ran just to

finish. "The straightaway looked two miles long," he said, and at the finish he collapsed. Australians, weeping, clustered around him.

Clarke used to make light of runners who collapsed after races, having never found it necessary himself. "I apologize to them all," he said. That night in the Olympic Village he complimented Britisher Dave Hemery for his showing in one of the heats of the 400-meter hurdles. "Good show, Dave," he said. Only it was not Hemery he was seeing, it was John Boulter, the British miler.

Two days later, after a series of electrocardiograms to make sure he was not risking his life, Clarke ran 5,000 meters more, and in the finals two more days later did better (fifth place). He established a fast enough pace so that Tunisian Mohamed Gammoudi—who had trained for a solid year in the Pyrénées to accommodate his particular fears—could hold off Kenya's star, Kipchoge Keino, for the gold. Whenever they met in the village after that, Gammoudi would run up and kiss Clarke on the cheek.

The Kenyans, meanwhile, seemed to mock the altitude and those who were succumbing to it. Like the Ethiopians and the Mexicans, they came conditioned by an accident of geography—they live way up there, too. When they finished their races, while others stopped to suck oxygen and moan on the grass, they ran on up the ramp leading out of the stadium, waving and smiling to the cheers of their countrymen as if they had participated in nothing more debilitating than Chinese checkers. Amazed journalists began writing about the "super Kenyans" and to ask them silly questions like, "Do you believe black athletes are trying to dominate the Games to prove their superiority over whites?"

The fact was that in events over 800 meters the times were (with one exception, the 1,500) as bad as predicted, and even the top Kenyan and Ethiopian runners—Keino in the longer distances, Temu, Mamo Wolde—have done better at altitude. The tip-off on the advantage of being born to it was provided by young Amos Biwott. A Kenyan schoolboy (he is 18) and unsophisticated in the ways and means of steeplechasing, Biwott attacked the hurdles like a high jumper, doing little hitch kicks as he went over. He declined to set foot in the water hazards. Over those he made grand leaps to stay dry. But nothing could tire him, not even his own technique. He won the gold medal in a breeze, and his more stylish countryman, Ben Kogo, was second.

Americans had won both the 5,000 and 10,000 in Tokyo. Here in Mexico they were nowhere in sight at those distances. George Young, trained to his best and, like Clarke, expecting to win—and convinced he would have won at sea level—finished third in the steeplechase, and had to run a magnificent race to do it.

Bill Toomey hustled, threw, ran and leapt to a decathlon record. Elected Kip Keino and Ben Jopcha (564) saluted crowd after 1,500.

continued



Still, there was Jim Ryun. Ah, had we forgotten Jim Ryun? The best saved for last. It would be Ryun who would salvage Olympic gold and end the frustrations of the American distance runners, this time at a distance closer to reality for the man who takes his air at sea level: 1,500 meters. On the last day of track and field competition Ryun went out to challenge the ubiquitous Keino, who had been beaten badly in the 10,000 but by only a stride or two in the searing 5,000. Keino seemed tired at last after his week of almost continuous competition. In a semifinal the day before, Ryun had run him down in the last lap and had looked too strong for Keino while winning easily. What had seemed significant about the race then was that Keino appeared to be trying.

At the start of the final Sunday afternoon it was obvious that this was going to be a very fast race, whether Keino liked the pace or not. At first it seemed he did not. Schoolboy Ben Jipcho, unwittingly serving as his countryman Keino's rabbit, moved out quickly, with Keino and Ryun hanging back. Then, in the second lap, Keino sprinted wide and came up on Jipcho as Ryun settled into ninth place. Early surging is not his style. The German contender Bodo Tummier held third place behind the two Kenyans.

Suddenly the race began to get away from Ryun. On the third lap the pack divided. Keino led one group and Ryun led the other, but Keino was five yards ahead of his and accelerating. His intention was clear: spread so much

Tartan track between himself and Ryun that Ryun would not be able to collar him in the stretch. Having been out-kicked in the 5,000, Keino was not about to have the same disaster overtake him in the 1,500. Now aware of the advantage Keino was making for himself, Ryun picked up speed and for a while ran between the two packs. At the bell for the last lap he moved up to fifth place in the first group.

Ryun at this point was 40 yards back. That is a lot of ground to make up even if you are Jim Ryun. If you have to make it up in rarefied air against a Kipchoge Keino, you probably won't. On the backstretch Keino glanced around to see if Ryun was coming. Ryun was, passing Tummier, stumbling slightly as he did so, but his progress was gradual and minimal. Keino had too much left. At the tape he was grinning broadly and Ryun was 20 yards in his wake. The time was a somewhat spectacular 3:34.9, only 1.8 seconds off the world record, 7 of a second faster than Herb Elliott's Olympic record set eight years earlier at Rome. It was easily the fastest 1,500 meters ever run at altitude.

Accompanied by Jipcho, who kept touching him and patting him on the back as if the sparks might be passed on, Keino took a smiling, waving victory lap, holding up his forefinger to signify Kenya's new preeminence in distance running. Ryun, walking slowly to keep from staggering, moved up the ramp and out of the stadium. His race, in retrospect, had been just slightly less spectacular

BLACK SPEED dominated the sprinters when the U.S.'s Wyomia Tyus battered the world record in the women's 100-meter dash.



than Keino's. Only Elliott's Olympic time was faster. Peter Snell, winner at Tokyo, would have been several strides behind him. Ryan found a bench and sat there for a long time alone. A friend came to him and Ryan looked up, his face still contorted by the effort he had made. "God, it hurts," he said.

It was not many minutes after that that Mamo Wolde, an Ethiopian palace guard like Abebe Bikila before him, trotted into the stadium an easy winner in the marathon. Bikila, who won in Rome in 1960 and Tokyo in 1964 dropped out this time after 10 kilometers, but he is getting older now and he has been ill. Wolde's victory made it five golds out of five for Africans in running races over 800 meters. Of the five, only Gammoudi does not make his home at high altitude, but he seems to be in the enviable position of being able to train there whenever and for as long as he likes.

What did the distance races prove for future generations of Olympic site selectors? They proved that nations that spend a couple of million dollars to get a team acclimated at special camps are not guaranteed a nickel's return. They proved the absolute folly of sea-level runners trying to sneak up on the problem by arriving at altitude the day before competition. They proved that the element of danger is not as remote as some people thought. Maurice Herriott of Great Britain, who had finished second in the steeplechase at Tokyo, passed out seven times in 48 hours after his race in Mexico and was still red-eyed and

rubbery days later. They proved that Dr. Roger Bannister may not have been kidding when, in answer to the question of how long it would take a sea-level runner to acclimate to Mexico City, he brusquely replied, "Twenty-five years."

The trouble with Mexico City, of course, is that it does not just sock it to you in the lungs, it goes for the stomach, too. The incidence of infection among visitors is so great that "You got it yet?" has become more common as an Olympic Village greeting than "How you doing?" Precautions had been plentiful—cooks and kitchen workers wore sterilized clothing, silverware was delivered to the tables in sealed cellophane bags—but they were not foolproof. Most of the afflicted competed anyway (the swimmers generally did not seem to mind), but on occasion there was tragedy. Jack Bachelier, America's only qualifier in the 5,000 meters, was hospitalized and could not run in the finals. Wade Bell, the tough little Oregonian who was favored to win the 800 meters, was out for two days with severe cramps. He threw up on the track before his trial heat race and was reluctant to run, but he tried anyway and did not qualify for the finals. He came off the track listing far to one side to relieve the pain. He complained that a muscle relaxant should have been given him, but Olympic officials are hot after drug takers just now and he was refused. He walked alone all the way back to the village, crestfallen.

Beyond Mexican riots and Mexican altitude, the third

continued

Jim Hines (218) equaled his (and others') pending world mark in the men's 100 and Tommie Smith (307) smashed the world record in the 200.





and what should have been one of the more obvious threats to Olympic peace was the likelihood of a demonstration by a small group of American Negro athletes led by John Carlos, Tommie Smith and Lee Evans. They had been hinting at it for months but communication between them and the U.S. Olympic officials broke down long ago, and the officials seemed satisfied to fill the void with a kind of tacit, Pollyanna belief in the surfacing power of harmony.

The Olympic 100 meters passed without incident because Jim Hines was the winner and Hines does not buy all that the militants try to sell. Then Smith won the 200. He won it in courageous style. He had torn a groin muscle in the semifinals and had to be iced down and taped from the waist to the bottom edge of his running shorts in order to continue. In the final, two hours later, Carlos held the lead with 50 yards to go. At that point, as he is wont to do when on the verge of victory, Carlos looked around. He need not have bothered. Smith, settling down in the stretch, was streaking past him. Carlos broke stride, and then when he looked to his right the Australian Peter Norman was passing him for second place. It was a fine race, one that Smith could be proud of, but he will not be remembered for his 19.8. He will be remembered for what happened next.

On the victory stand during the playing of the national anthem, Carlos and Smith made their now famous black glove gesture. They were booed. At a press conference afterward Carlos flayed into white America in a familiar soliloquy, demanding as he did that reporters quote him accurately or not at all. There followed—after midnight the next day—the suspension of the two runners by the U.S. Olympic Committee, with a 48-hour notice to pack their bags and move out. The USOC at first wanted to keep the sentence light, no more than a censure, but the International Olympic Committee demanded more, although this was later denied in some quarters. In one version of the still untold story, the IOC dangled the possibility of expelling the whole U.S. team, swimmers, fencers, weight lifters and all. It said it could not let such abuses of the Olympic rules against political activity go unpunished, because if it did the Games would degenerate into sociopolitical symposiums.

The uproar lasted a day, with newsmen and photographers chasing after the two runners and conducting whose-side-are-you-on opinion polls whenever a new head popped out of a building. British journalists seemed especially eager to take a crack at being sympathetic, but since Carlos and Smith had prepared themselves well for martyrdom there was no doubt they came out the beavies. Carlos had spurned the support of the all-white Harvard crew—"Who needs 'em?" Not even all the black girls on the track team were quick to back Carlos, who had found it easy to antagonize people. He had stepped on a lot of toes, including those in the chow line, at the end of which he cared not to stand. The last and loudest word from Carlos was that he was going to sue the U.S. Olympic Committee.

The Carlos-Smith affair took much of the play away

from the Games themselves, and away from some marvelous performances. Within a span of five minutes one afternoon stringy Bob Beamon long-jumped 29' 2½", as if there never was a 28' barrier to fool with (nobody had ever jumped more than 27' 4¼" before), and was so moved by his accomplishment that he slipped from Ralph Boston's congratulating embrace, sank to his knees, put his forehead on the ground and cried. Beamon, a New Yorker who performed briefly for the University of Texas at El Paso, is a slash of a man, 6' 3", 160 pounds. He comes off the board like a huge, limby frog, his legs spread-eagled and his arms dangling between them. Ordinarily he does not come off the board at all, but a good foot or so behind it for safety's sake. It was only a matter of time before he began hitting it right, but not in his most soaring dreams did he expect this. The record leap came on his very first jump, just before a rainstorm (he took only one more of the permissible six jumps). "I was thinking that good man up there for letting me hit the ground right there," he said.

Not long after Beamon's astonishing performance Lee Evans, out unusually fast, ran a world-record 43.8 in the 400 meters. He had to run 43.8 to win, since just across the track young Larry James was running 43.9. With Ron Freeman, the U.S. swept the event. Willie Davenport completed a four-year comeback by winning the high hurdles (he had been injured in Tokyo and written off many times since), Randy Matson won the shotput on his first toss and Bob Seagren, daring to pass at such heights as 17' 2¼" and 17' 6¼", won the pole vault at 17' 8½" on fewer misses.

Dick Fosbury, the Oregon man who thinks everybody else goes over the high-jump bar backward, created a small sensation in winning his specialty. Fosbury attacks the bar the way Japanese subway conductors jam the crowds in. He turns his back and puts his shoulder blade to it and does this astonishing flop. It may be laughable, and impossible to teach, but the Fosbury flop is sound aerodynamically. His winning flop was 7' 4¼", not quite an inch better than Ed Caruthers, also of the U.S. The leap gave the American men their fifth victory in the eight field events.

It had taken Seagren seven hours of nerve-jangling competition to win the pole vault. It took the 29-year-old California schoolteacher, Bill Toomey, 24 hours to win the decathlon: 12 hours a day for two days. He gulped aspirin by the handful the first day to feed his tension headaches. He sprained his thumb pole vaulting when he missed twice at the opening height ("Can you imagine? Eleven feet! My name would have been mud!") and he strained his hip high-jumping in the rain. By the luck of the draw, he also had to endure dope tests two days in a row.

But except for a brief period after the third event,

continued

Discus Thrower Al Darter again proved there is no better Olympic competitor as he upset a powerful field for a fourth gold medal.





Oxygen tanks got heavy use as many athletes succumbed to altitude.



Kenya's Amos Biwott (562) sailed through sleeplessness to easy win.



The fencers settled down to an 11-day siege in colorful Mubarek Sports City.



Toomey led all the way. He strengthened his lead with a sensational 45.6-second 400 meters, and he long-jumped 25' 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ " against the wind (he had never done better in either event). He finished by beating off the late-challenging Hans-Joachim Walde of West Germany in the 1,500 meters to win 8,193 points to 8,111.

Five years ago Toomey made up his mind: he was quitting the 400 meters for the decathlon. "A strange choice, but I couldn't miss. Ten's my favorite number. Ten letters in my name, born on January 10th, always wore No. 10 as a ballplayer. It had to be the decathlon. The thing is, I never felt I belonged anywhere but around the edges until now. Not anymore, though. After 24 hours I earned that son of a gun."

Perhaps the most popular of American victories was that of Al Oerter, who brings his discus around every four years, quietly wins his gold medal and goes home. Oerter could have carried the U.S. flag in the opening ceremonies this year but deferred to Mrs. Janice York Romary, a fencer, when he found out she was to be in her sixth Olympiad. Mrs. Romary went out and shortened her skirt an inch and a half for the ceremony so she "wouldn't look like an old dowdy," and Oerter went out a few days later and won his fourth consecutive gold medal, which nobody outside of that standing high jumper and standing broad jumper, Ray Ewry (1900-08), has ever done in track and field—and one of his Olympics was unofficial.

For Al Oerter it has become so beautifully natural. He has developed with the discus what the grooved swing is to the golfer; he always looks good; he seldom fouls. At 32, a supervisor of computer communications for Grumman Aircraft on Long Island, his approach to his game is purely analytical. He had this one figured: a 13-month program to get him to Mexico City just about the time he would be throwing 207' to 208', and that would be enough to win. He did not do 207', however. He took off the horse collar that protects a chronic injury of the cervical disc and threw 212'—twice. They were tremendous, soaring flights that seemed always to make the next guy throw a pop fly or bury one in the ground.

This was to be Oerter's last Olympics if he lost. He brought his wife Corinne and the Oerter daughters, Crystiana, 9, and Gabrielle, 7, and they sat out in the rain to watch him. They kept wishing for Jay Silvester, the favorite, to trip. Not to get hurt, just to trip.

"Corinne said if this was it she wanted the girls to see it," Al said. "The day after I won she quit talking that way. She has mentioned Munich and 1972 about six times since breakfast." The Oerter timetable now calls for at least two more Olympics. He says he will continue to improve until he is 40.

As the track and field part of the Olympics ended, the U.S. team had won 15 gold medals, 6 silver, 7 bronze, for a total harvest of 28, which was 15 more than the Russians, 20 more than the eye-catching Kenyans and easily ahead of anyone else. And already out of the wings and into the pool that is certain to become their personal vic-

continued



The Smith-Carson black fist rebellion came on the victory stand.





tory parade were the U.S. swimmers. When the women's medley relay team beat the Australians, barely, for the first swimming gold, 17-year-old Cate Ball said of the Aussies: "They swam much out of their class. Really."

The men's team was shot through with the *ruissas* ("They're taking pills, but I don't see how you can avoid it, all this greasy food," said Coach George Haines) but won the 400-meter freestyle relay anyway. Donald McKenzie upset the Russians, Nicolai Pankin and Vladimir Kosinsky, in the men's 100-meter breaststroke. "I didn't think I could lose," said Pinkin.

It was quickly determined, however, that the renowned Mark Spitz would not win six gold medals, as everybody thought. Spitz finished third and Zac Zorn finished last to Australia's Michael Wenden in the 100-meter freestyle final. Ken Walsh was second. It was also clear that Sue Pedersen was going to win the freestyle crying championship. Even after finishing second to teammate Jan Henne in the 100-meter freestyle (another teammate, Linda Gustavson, was third for a U.S. sweep), she stood there on the victory stand bawling her pretty blue eyes out as they played *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Heat and the altitude contributed to a grim week for the rowers—winners and losers alike. They were no better able to cope than were the distance runners. An Australian here, a Frenchman there—they keeled over like Hollywood Apaches. One Danish rower had to be lifted into a first-aid boat in the middle of a race.

Those who won the gold were the ones who persevered, as did the West German eight-oared crew. This was to be a battle with the Harvard crew, the *Shaggies* (they wore uncrew cuts), and at the start it was Harvard trailing New Zealand. But at the end it was the West Germans all alone, and deep in the admiring heart of Coach Karl Adam ("They are completely worn out. It seems impossible, but they were able to row to the absolute limit of physical exertion"). The West Germans were a long time getting to the point where they could enjoy the victory, unless enjoyment is lying around coughing and vomiting.

Harvard finished last in its bid for a small miracle. Only hours before the repechages, Harvard had to juggle its boat when one of its number came down with the usual. The Harvards were still good enough to get to the finals. "We just couldn't keep up," said Coach Harry Parker. It was a low finish for a high hope: the U.S. had boats in all seven finals, but managed only a silver in pairs-without-cox and a bronze in double sculls.

Right from the time he walked into the stadium on opening day, that Russian flag thrust out in front of him (he used only one hand), Leonid Zhabotinsky was obviously something to be reckoned with. Known as Zhabo, he is the champion of all weight lifters, and the guy who thought he could reckon with him was handsome Jay Dube of the

U.S., pretty imposing himself at 315 pounds. Someone reported to Dube that Zhabo was sick after eating a whole cantaloupe, skin and all. "Hell," said Dube. "I ate a whole cantaloupe last night and I didn't get sick." Dube lifted the good fight, but he could do no better than third and Zhabo again got the gold. "It was my eating habits," Dube said forlornly. "I'm a Southern boy. I need that good Southern cooking to get by on."

With seven games played and their winning streak at a stunning 73, it was obvious that the U.S. basketball team was not nearly as bad as people had said—and the Russians and Yugoslavians had hoped. In fact, Coach Hank Iba had his team looking so slick that there was hardly a spectator left who thought anybody else had a chance. The Americans did in Yugoslavia with oldtime ease, and seemed capable of beating the Russians (mechanical as ever) on instant alone. Kansas' Jo Jo White and a 6'8" junior college product named Spencer Haywood were the stars, but the catalyst was Iba, who worked out a special offense for the Olympians, then drove them long hours until they loved it. "Coach Iba is the biggest asset we have," said the team captain, Mike Sillman of Army. "I don't think he'll let us lose."

Until the Carlos-Smith act got top billing, the Americans had not engaged in the kind of Olympic exercises that make the Games sometimes discouraging. North Korea had canceled out because of a name it could not have; the Czechs refused to eat at the same tables with the Russians; and a Polish athlete, displeased with the musical selections of a group of Ghanaans, threw a bag of water from a window onto the offending radio and its owner, and got a rock through his window in retaliation.

A young Cuban tennis player defected, but the Cubans as a whole were not speaking to anyone who looked like an American. The Kenyans, sensitive to criticism the way a toy balloon is sensitive to the lighted cigarette, were just as tight-lipped. But not so the Russian volleyball coach, who let this one slip out after his team was booted in the match with the Czechs: "My players are not affected by the crowd. If they were, they would not be professionals and they would have been left home."

Through it all the Mexicans maintained their resolve to be accommodating whatever the cost. A Mexican policeman exchanged his badge for a Canadian's maple leaf pin. A guard at the village gate, unable to get a pretty girl to show her pass as she hurried by, shrugged and said, "What can I do? She is woman." Young boys at the village posted themselves by the telephones and, when an athlete came by, offered the receiver and said, "My sister wants to talk to you."

And the Mexicans simply will not become discouraged. The wife of an ABC television executive put in a call for a wake-up ring at 7:30 at her hotel. At 8 o'clock, unringing, she awakened and, in a snit, called the desk. "What happened to my wake-up call?" she demanded. "Hang up, Señora," was the polite reply, "and I will be happy to call you right back."

END

Never exhausted seven hours after start of fiercest rowing competition ever, Bob Seegen of the U.S. scored to Olympic record.



NEVER RULE OUT AN OLD CHAMP

The Green Bay Packers are off to a dreary start with three losses and a tie in their first six games and the powerful Dallas Cowboys coming up this Monday, but it would be a mistake to consider them dead **by TEX MAULE**

In Green Bay, where the Packers (see cover) are gods and Vincent Lombardi is their prophet, the parishioners are getting a little edgy. A stranger in the King's X bar and restaurant one night recently had the temerity to ask: "What's wrong with the Packers?" Conversation stilled, the bartender stopped stirring a martini and a waitress dropped a tray of dirty dishes. Finally one of the patrons placed his beer gently on the bar, fixed the stranger with a baleful eye and said, "Is there something wrong with the Packers?"

"Well . . ."

"There is nothing wrong with the Packers," the patron said sternly. "Wait."

Last year the same question would have been greeted with laughter, but now the true believers, who in their secret hearts ask the same question, react with a fierce defensive loyalty when someone else does.

Because, obviously, there is something

wrong with the Packers. After three straight world championships and two Super Bowls, they are now—with the season nearly half over—possessed of a sad 2-3-1 record and are facing the not entirely cheering prospect of meeting the Cowboys in Dallas next Monday in the season's biggest game to date.

The fault is not, as is generally believed, that Vince Lombardi is no longer coach. Nor is it, as others say, that the Packers have collectively gone over the hill in their Cadillacs. Some of them are old, but theirs is a singularly robust old age. They miss Lombardi to a degree, but not to the point of collapse.

Although they are in trouble, the Packers are not dead—far from it. Their parlous state results from a number of problems, none insoluble. The first, and most serious, was a concentration of injuries at one position—defensive tackle. Then, when the tackles regained their health and the defense its accustomed puissance, Bart Starr, their All-Pro quar-

terback, pulled a muscle in his right arm warming up before a game with the Los Angeles Rams two weeks ago. Zeke Bratkowski, his usually capable replacement, had an off day, throwing three interceptions and fumbling once. Yet the Rams still needed a late and questionable pass-interference call to beat Green Bay 16-14.

"It makes you feel like looking up at the sky and saying, 'Hey, up there, what did we do?'" said Guard Jerry Kramer, who was playing with a broken thumb, after the game. "I mean, how long is this going to go on?"

It started early. Bob Brown, a massive defensive lineman who can fill in at either end or tackle, broke his arm before the All-Star Game; Henry Jordan, the balding All-Pro tackle, came down with back spasms; Jim Weatherwax, who is the third defensive tackle behind Jordan and Ron Kostelnik, tore a cartilage and had a knee operation; soon thereafter Kostelnik went to the sidelines



Among the Packer wounded are Jerry Kramer (64) who has a broken right thumb, Willie Davis (87) whose left thumb is broken and Ron Kostelnik (77) who has a wrenched knee.

with a badly wrenched knee. This left Green Bay facing strong running teams such as Detroit and Minnesota with rookie tackles. It damaged the cohesion of the Packer defense against passes, too.

"It ruined our continuity," said Willie Davis, sounding a bit like Allie Sherman of the Giants. "With new men in the defensive line, the pass rush was off a little. That meant the quarterback was getting maybe an extra half second to throw the ball. Our defensive backs, in the past, have been able to play with some recklessness because they knew they wouldn't have to cover their man more than three, maybe three and twenty seconds. If the ball wasn't thrown by then, somebody on the defensive line would have the quarterback."

"I wasn't getting in as fast as usual, either," Davis continued. He pointed to a jagged, fresh scar along the inside of his left thumb. "I got that in the exhibition game against Cleveland," he said. "Tackled Leroy Kelly and hit the ground with my left hand under his buttocks and all his weight on my thumb, then someone else jumped on the pile. I didn't feel any pain, but when I got up and looked down at my thumb the bone was sticking out right at the first joint. I went over to the sideline, but I felt kind of sheepish, you know. Here's me

a big pro football player, coming off and saying, 'Coach, I can't play because my thumb hurts.'"

Davis did not miss any playing time, his thumb was set, studded up and provided with a brace and he was in the line-up when the season opened. "It hurt my pass rush because this is my pulling hand," Willie explained. "I mean, I hit the blocker, give him a move, then pull him with my left hand when I go. With the brace on my thumb, I couldn't get a good grip to pull and the thumb still got a shock. It throbbed between plays and hurt my concentration. Now I got a different kind of brace and it won't hurt. It should help."

The deferred pass rush wrecked the delicate timing of the Packer defense. "When Detroit beat us [23-17 in the third game of the season], Bill Munson hurt us by setting up quick, then throwing boom," Willie said. "He established a rhythm. In the past we used to break up the quarterback's rhythm. The backs and linebackers had faith in our rush, so they played the receivers close. The quarterback would set up, look, then have to look somewhere else. In that little second we'd either get to him or hurry him. But when we quit getting in so fast, the defensive backs began playing farther off the receivers. That meant the

receivers were open quicker and we had even less time to get to the quarterback. It broke up the whole defense."

Willie massaged his sore thumb thoughtfully. "Before we played Los Angeles we talked to the secondary," he said. "We asked them to step up again, and cover close. We got the defensive line together again. The injuries kept us from developing this cohesion, but I think we got it back now."

Against the Rams the Green Bay defense appeared as solid as ever. Kostelnik played part of the game on his sore knee, then went out for Bob Brown, who played with a thick pad over his broken arm. Later Kostelnik came back and Brown relieved Lionel Aldridge, who had sprained his ankle against Detroit and was still limping. The line performed well, and the Rams' Roman Gabriel, who has been better protected than any other quarterback in the league, was under strong pressure. Once Davis combined with Brown to throw him for a 13-yard loss, and he completed only seven of his 20 passes for a skimpy 97 yards. The Green Bay secondary covered close.

Despite the fact that the Rams' defensive line is one of the best in pro football, the Packer offensive line did a good job of protecting Bratkowski, proving once more that it is not overage in service, as some experts have contended.

At 35, Forrest Gregg, a perennial All-Pro at offensive tackle, is one of the oldest players on the team. His assignment was blocking David Jones, the most fearsome of the Ram foursome. Most teams block Jones with two and sometimes three men but for the most part Gregg took on Jones alone. Gregg was beaten a few times, but he handled himself briskly and well and Jones did not terrorize the Packer quarterback.

Gregg is a grizzled man who looks his 35 years and who plays his position with more finesse than any other player in the league. "I feel just about the same now as I did when I came up in 1956," he says. "Oh, I suppose I may have lost a step in speed, but I don't think I have lost any quickness."

He has been a Packer from before

continued

the Lombardi era and he has a deep respect for the former Packer coach. "Coach Lombardi was a more emotional man than Coach Bengtson," he said. "Both of them are perfectionists, what they go about it in a different way. Vince gave us pep talks and gave us the devil when we made mistakes. Coach Bengtson explains to you in detail what will happen if you do what he asks and what will happen if you don't. He leaves it up to us to get ourselves up for a game. By now we should be able to."

Phil Bengtson was the defensive coach under Lombardi for nine years before becoming the head man this season. He took over the most porous defense in the league in 1959, and during his tenure the Packers have never ranked worse than third on defense. He is a soft-spoken, friendly man with none of Lombardi's histrionic tendencies. On occa-

sion he may lose his temper and chew out an errant player, but not often.

"He's just as tough as Lombardi," Ray Nitschke once said. "The difference is when Lombardi yells at you, you don't know if he means it or not. When Bengtson hollers, you know he means it." At the time Bengtson took over from the hard-driving Lombardi, many observers felt that the Packers would miss the whip and perhaps they do.

"Phil is a softer man than I am," Lombardi said recently, sitting behind the big desk in his office in Green Bay. "I don't say that critically. He is a fine coach, the best defensive coach I know, and I can't think of a better coach for the Packers. But it is not in him to be harsh and demanding and make the players hate him. You have to have someone on the staff who is a driver. If it isn't the head coach, then it has to be

someone else. I think Phil should let one of the assistants do the job. Give him a free hand."

Lombardi does not take an active part in coaching the Packers anymore and it is unlikely that he ever will. He appears at practice for 20 or 30 minutes when he can, but he does no coaching.

"I stand on the sidelines and watch, just to let the boys know I still have my eye on them," he says. "I see them cutting their eyes at me and I know what they're thinking, but I don't say anything to them."

He also goes over game film with the coaches, but any suggestions he might have—and they are few—he gives to Bengtson privately. He has resigned himself to keeping his hands off the reins and he has contained himself with the iron self-discipline he has always preached.

Bengtson, who has been an assistant coach all of his football life until now, has taken secure control of the club. He has made few changes; the Green Bay practice lacks only the figure of Lombardi to be precisely the same as before. "That was the idea from the outset," he says. "This is a veteran team used to doing things a certain way."

He makes no effort to stimulate the players' emotions. "They are champions," he says. "I think that takes a different type of motivation. It has to come from the player himself. I think adversity causes them more trepidation than it does an ordinary player. They don't have to be told to get up for a big game."

The injuries they suffered early this season cost the Packers their old stock in trade—ball control. Instead, the other team exercised control, maintaining its drive through the weak spots in the Packer line. "A month ago Detroit picked up extra yards veering toward the end Aldridge plays when he is well," Bengtson said. "They kept the ball for all but one play in the last nine minutes and 40 seconds of the first game we played. With the defense healthy, I think we can stop that."

If Starr comes back strong the Packers could be as deadly as ever. At 34, though, Starr may be more vulnerable physically than in the past and slower to recover. In the last couple of years he has been nagged by injuries of one kind or another. Bratkowski was 37 last Sunday and is no sturdier than Starr.

Certainly there is no feeling of de-



Ray Nitschke (left) and Bob Jeter, like many key Packers, are past 30 but still highly effective.

spear on the team; the reaction is more one of bewilderment than of dismay. Elijah Pitts, the veteran halfback who missed half of the 1967 season with a ruptured Achilles' tendon, says, "It seems unreal. I mean, us blowing games like this. I know we're as good as we ever were when we're all together."

Lombardi, while avoiding pep talks, did talk to the team briefly before the season, but his subject had more to do with manner than morale. Some players had come to camp in Nehru jackets, long hair and sideburns, and Lombardi took them to task. "We have spent 10 years building your image as a professional on the same level as a doctor or a lawyer," he said. "I can't tell you to cut your hair or trim your sideburns or wear conventional clothes. But you don't look like Packers in that setup."

Most of the players complied. Willie

Davis, however, retained his sideburns until just before the Los Angeles game.

"Coach Lombardi told me that if I grew sideburns, it would take the strength from the scalp on top of my head and I would get a bald spot," Willie said, laughing. "But that's not why I cut off the sideburns. I want everything to be as near as possible the way it was when we were winning."

Davis and the rest of the Packer veterans have a slow fuse. It is understandable in a team that has had as much success as this one over as long a period, without the goad of a Lombardi, it is difficult for them to arouse themselves for a regular-season game.

"We have played so many big games in the last few years," Gregg said before the Detroit game Sunday. "We get up for the big ones. But if we don't start winning soon, all of the games will

be big." They shook off their apathy against the Rams, albeit in a losing cause. This was a traditional Packer game, replete with thundering blocks and tackles. There was no trace of complacency. They came within a couple of minutes and that doubtful penalty call of beating a club which had won 12 straight league games going into this one. When it was over, they were angry but not disheartened.

"We can't kid ourselves anymore," Davis said afterward. "We've got to win the next game. Some games challenge your existence more than others. The Ram game was like that. So is our next game with Detroit and the Dallas game after that."

Despite Davis' declaration, the Packers did not win the Sunday game with the Lions—but they didn't lose it, either. They gave up two quick touchdowns in the first quarter, both on passes to Earl McCulloch, Detroit's brilliant rookie end, then settled down to three quarters of typical tough Green Bay football. Bratkowski threw sparingly but well. After the Lions fumbled a punt in the third period, Bratkowski hit Carroll Dale for a 14-yard touchdown. Then in the fourth quarter the Packers drove to the Detroit three, where Bratkowski was hit hard and temporarily stunned. Bart Starr came in to replace him.

The Lions, knowing Starr's arm was still hurt, closed in to shut off the run, and Starr, ignoring the pain, passed to a wide-open Boyd Dowler for the touchdown. The Green Bay defense, playing with its old agility and fire, forced another Detroit fumble and the Packers drove once more. However, young Claudis James fumbled deep in Detroit territory to kill that drive with only a minute left.

The Lions prudently settled for the tie, running out the clock while the fans booed. The Packers were not happy with the tie, but they should have been. Even though Kramer injured a knee early in the game and was replaced by rookie Bill Lueck, the Packers demonstrated that accustomed efficiency. When Lueck was unable to contain Alex Karras, the violent Detroit tackle, the flexible Packers moved Gregg from tackle to guard and solved that problem.

For most of this game, especially in the second half, the Packers looked like the old Packers. That may be bad news for the rest of the league.

END



Coach Phil Bengtson, watching the action with Forrest Gregg, is not enjoying his first year.

THE FURLOUGH WAS SALUBRIOUS

After a year's layoff Rick Barry came back to pro basketball better than ever. Playing for his old coach, Alex Hannum, and with a largely new cast in Oakland, he helps make the team the class of the ABA **by FRANK DEFORD**

It was obvious this past weekend in Indianapolis and Louisville that Alex Hannum, the coach of the Oakland Oaks, possesses compassion—or at least a high sense of order. He and his co-owner, Rick Barry, were making their debuts in the American Basketball Association, and only rarely did Hannum rise to charge that his star had received an unsympathetic rules interpretation. It was a judicious exercise in restraint. On the couple of occasions when Hannum did protest that Barry was being mishandled, one could only be reminded of the title of Comedian Jack Douglas' new book, *The Neighbors Are Scaring My Wolf*.

Barry sat out last season, after jumping to the ABA, under a court injunction that he must honor the NBA option clause that bound him to the San Francisco Warriors. His return performance suggests that year-long layoffs are marvelously beneficial furloughs from life that politicians, teen-agers and, most particularly, lawyers might explore in order to improve the race. In his off year Barry moved to the suburbs, gained 10 pounds and lowered his golf handicap by 10 strokes. His accomplishments against the Indiana and Kentucky teams were equally prodigious as the Oaks—already schooled in the finest Hannum traditions—slaughtered the opposition 144-133 and 134-113.

Barry scored 36 and 46 points, making 31 of 54 shots and all 20 free throws. He picked up 23 rebounds, leading both teams in the Kentucky game with 14, and he passed off for 12 assists, which was second only to the total of Larry Brown, who was the league leader in that respect last year. In fact, during "garbage time"—late in one-sided games, when players usually go for their averages—Barry became even more in-

tent on assists, as if that kind of action offered greater challenge. Most of this Barry appeared to manage with all the difficulty of a man opening a lunch pail. On the occasions when Hannum called a play like his "two-down" (clearing a side for Barry), Rick scored with such ridiculous ease that it seemed as if basketball itself was defeated—not just Indiana or Kentucky.

Since Oakland has picked up two league All-Stars, Brown and Doug Moe, and some fine rookies, notably Warren Armstrong of Wichita State, the Oaks could make a mockery of the ABA league race. Their small guards would be a serious liability against stiffer competition, but Barry says, heatedly, "Put us in a division with the NBA expansion teams, and I promise you—I guarantee you—we wouldn't finish last. And with a little time, maybe we'd win."

Though he enjoyed the year off and found it "less difficult than I expected," Barry never completely got the game out of his system. He almost came back once, after a secret three-and-a-half-hour conference with Warrior Owner Franklin Mieuli in Nate Thurmond's San Francisco apartment last January. The meeting was, officially, a nonmeeting, as lawyers from both sides agreed to it only with the stipulation that neither side could ever introduce its discussions in court.

Mieuli wanted to talk Barry into coming back and finishing out the season, and Barry, excited with that prospect, often lapsed into the old first-person plural, as in: "Sure we can still catch St. Louis."

"He was so enthusiastic," says Mieuli, "that if I had had a Warrior uniform to put him in then, he would have been back that minute."

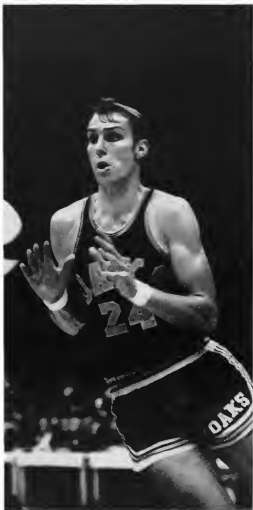
"Well, I really wasn't in shape, but

sure I would have done it," Barry says now, "if only Franklin could have foregone all this nonsense about litigation." Barry's lawyers cautioned him not to return, so he stayed on the sidelines till last weekend. His value to the challenging league was immediately recognized at the gate. Indianapolis had a near sell-out, and Louisville drew an ABA record crowd of 13,067.

Barry and Bill Bradley have been the only two white players in recent years to establish themselves as genuine basketball stars. Bradley, the Renaissance Man, has received more attention; upon his return to basketball last year there was present the aura of a Ulysses homecoming, a sort of patriotic fervor, the way it must have been in other times when Lindbergh or Admiral Byrd or the Rainbow Division came back.

Barry's return did not evoke vespers, because he is strictly of this moment—U.S. Modern—whereas Bradley is American Gothic. Barry is the practical achiever, not the epic hero. Lean and fair, impulsive and direct, he is the model product of an affluent society. He has a significant piece of his own action, making him possibly the first chattel-owner in professional sports. It is Bradley who is celebrated as the All-American Boy, but Barry best personalities that ideal now because All-American boys, like images and other things, are changing, too.

He remains tremendously aware, invariably restless and full of opinions. Sitting in the dingy old locker room at the Fairgrounds in Indianapolis a few minutes before his debut, sweat beaded his forehead. Sometimes, as the snappy band muscled from below drifted up, he would suddenly set to drumming his fingers nervously in the air. But also, he yawned a great deal.



Hannum began to go over his color codes that signal the types of team defense. Barry yawned again; he has known these since 1965, when he broke in under Hannum at San Francisco. Suddenly, though, the coach changed his tone. Hannum believes in encouraging team response in these sessions, and Barry could sense that everybody was going to get a chance at something. He listened carefully.

"When we get into a situation like that," Hannum, now quite the schoolmaster, said, "where is the No. 1 place—and we've talked about this—where you should begin to get aggressive? Can anybody answer me?"

"Offensive boards," said one voice, immediately and firmly, louder and a split second ahead of the others, who muttered the answer. Barry was ready. That is his life style, to anticipate, get there directly and to score. "A break, a clear 20-footer, coming off a pick—whatever—he creates his own shot situations," says Brown, the Oaks' playmaker. "He is the greatest offensive opportunist ever. Listen, if all 10 guys go up for a rebound, Rick will not only get it, but the other nine will somehow fall down and he will end up with a layup. The first exhibition game, he was so tired he looked as if he'd have to come out for oxygen every seven minutes, and he still got 52 points."

Now it was time for the Oaks to move down onto the court for the opener. They stood there in the dark as each player was introduced in turn. With a proper sense of the dramatic, Barry was being saved for last. Only an hour or so before, on his way to the game, he had kidded Moe, who has a massive terror of airplanes. "You might be the first player in the NBA to lose 25 pounds a season from fear," Barry said.

"This is the ABA, Rick," Moe said softly, smiling. There was no reply.

The next-to-last Oak was introduced and ran out on the court, and Barry stood alone with Hannum in the dark. "Maybe I should trip and fall," he said, for something to say. Then the P.A. called out, "Rick Barry," and he was off, satisfied, not looking back, loping along in the spotlight that followed him across the court.

END

PART 3: ESSAYS ON GOLF

'MAN, I'M DROPPING YOUR BAG RIGHT HERE'

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

PAINTINGS BY GILBERT STONE



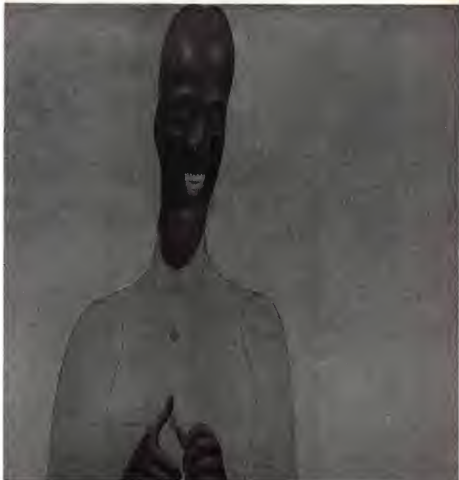
Most professional golfers feel caddies should be inconspicuous and silent, but rarely is the role filled in that exemplary fashion. Some caddies like the limelight, and others, well, if you talk with them, the things you hear . . .

Just about the liveliest place to listen to golf conversation, though of a slightly different nature from what you hear in the clubhouse, is along the rail fence or out back by the shed where the touring caddies perch between the big golf bags they tend. Their ritalo is here, and they rock back and forth and compare notes and swap yarns and gossip and talk of their rounds, and particularly

about money and how their pros let them down: "Oh my, we're doin' jes' fine and then my man he goes an' dies on me," etc., etc.

There are about 40 professional caddies—touring caddies, they are called—some of whom, the fortunate ones, stay with one golfer throughout the winter tour (the PGA does not allow the touring caddie system during the summer

continued



months when the high schools are out, at that time a caddie must stick to a home course, while the others, less fortunate, travel uncommitted and hope to pick up a bag, or "pack a bag," as the phrase goes, when they turn up on the eve of a tournament.

The touring caddies are a wildly individual clan, not at all to be confused with the local caddies. They are a no-mad group—some of the more disapproving professionals refer to them as "the traveling brewery"—that moves from tournament to tournament, usually four or five to a car, and suddenly appears around the caddie shacks with the abruptness and aplomb of extremely competent men sent to do an expert job. The local caddies stare at them with as much awe as they work up for the professional golfers. Johnny Pott once told me: "I can't imagine what it's like to travel with the touring caddies. I remember once a car with six of them in it, going cross-country, came through my home town, and they stopped by to pick up a club I had promised one of them. Well, I opened up the trunk of their car to put in the driver and there wasn't anything in there at all—no suitcases, kits, anything. Real gypsies. They travel in just their shoes."

I got to know some of these caddies by wandering down from time to time and asking questions. It was very lively listening. Most of them are Negroes, though there are exceptions, notably Arnold Palmer's caddie, Bob Blair, a loner I never saw with the others, and a caddie Jack Nicklaus often uses, Angelo Argo.

The caddies had a splendid variety of nicknames: Cut Shot, Violence, Texas Sam, the Wolfman, the Rabbit, the Baron, Cricket, the Rock, Big Ted, the Golf-ball . . . their names peppering their conversation, as in, "Hey, Cricket, you seen the Golf ball?" "No, ask Wolfman." Ted Randolph was the one called Wolfman. He was given that nickname in the Boy Scouts where, he told me, he had once done a very impressive imitation of a werewolf. I could not imagine such an imitation.

Walter Montgomery was the one they called Violence. He had had his hair straightened. He kept it flattened slick against his skull, so that the sheen of black seemed nearly pained on. He was named after his short temper—a char-

acteristic he had worked in recent years at curbing.

"What did you use to do, Violence?" I asked, relishing the odd nickname and the strangeness of it on the tongue.

"I've cooled it, baby. It don't make no sense. It don't do no help to the guys I was packing for."

"You mean you took it out on the golfers?" I asked.

"A cat'd make some crazy play like miss a putt of two foot. Now a cat like that, why he's cuttin' my money, making a bad shot, dig? So I go up and kick his bag. I really bang it."

"Well, how did they take that?"

"Like I say, it don't make no sense, 'cause it don't do no good. They start keepin' a side eye on me, like maybe I'm fixin' to lift a shoe into them the next time."

"What else did you do?"

Violence frowned slightly. "Oh," he said, "I slam the pin back in the cup real hard, jes' to show the guy, y'know, what I think of his messin' up the shot. Threw my cap quite a lot. Once I shotted it across the green and it hit Doug Sanders in the back of the head. But then, like I say, I cool it. I pack for Julius Boros and he like me and he say, 'Man, act like me, very calm, all the time, and you do O.K.'"

Alfred Dyer, out of New Orleans, was called the Rabbit. He was very self-assured. "You talk to the Rabbit," he said, "an' you're getting the stuff straight from No. 1. If it's caddys' you're talkin' 'bout, the Rabbit's your man. Why, at those big Jewish country clubs in the East it's the Rabbit they's always calling for—'Where's the Rabbit? Where's the Rabbit?' They say, 'You think I'm takin' one step on this course less'n the Rabbit's packing my bag, you is loco in the head.' Why, I make \$40 a day in the East jes' on my name alone. Autographs? Man, the Rabbit's always signing autographs. . . ."

At this, there was a bit of good-natured hooting from the others down the fence. Someone shouted: "Rabbit, you can't write, man, an X, much less'n your name."

I asked: "Rabbit, what do you think you do best as a caddie?"

The Rabbit thought, and he said: "Well, calm my man down, I think that's what I do very good. Pull him off to the side when he's got a lot of pressure

on him, and I tell him, let the Rabbit share it with you. Maybe I get him telling what he done the night before—jes' to get his mind off the pressure and make him relax. 'Course sometimes you got to do jes' the opposite—fire yo' man up. Now take Tom Weiskopf in the Colonial one year. We're comin' down the stretch with a jes' fine lead, but then Tom bogeys three holes in a row and he comes up on the 13th about ready to fall to pieces. He's chokin'. He's got this big ball in his throat. He says, 'Rabbit, we're going to have to play for second place. I'm playing it safe.' So the Rabbit says, 'Man, I'm dropping yo' bag right here if you don't go for the flag. You take a two-iron and put the ball up there nice an' easy. Smooth.' I can say 'smooth' like you never heard nobody say that word, like silk. Well, he done it. It wasn't my fault he got in trouble afterward and shot 80 or something" (actually 81).

Quite another sort was Dale Taylor, Billy Casper's caddie, a soft-spoken polite man in his 40s, I would guess, and with very much of a no-nonsense attitude about his profession. I had heard that he was an excellent golfer. He told me that he caddied for his man with pleasure because Casper always tended to the business at hand—their rounds together on a golf course had no other purpose.

"But don't all golfers go out on the course with that same attitude?" I asked.

"They should," Dale said. "But then you get a golfer like Ken Still who has this really great talent, this fantastic potential. . . ." He looked around at the other caddies. "That's right, isn't it?" They all nodded. "And yet when he goes out on a golf course his mind just isn't on what's what. He's interested in sports, Ken Still is, and if there's a ball game going on somewhere, he's thinking about it. He's likely to have a transistor plugged in his ear, and sometimes he yells things like, 'Come on, belt one for ol' Ken.'"

"It don't take much to make 'em a duck," someone said.

"A what?" I asked.

"A duck."

A duck turned out to be a word they used a lot for the young professionals rather than the word "rabbit," which the golfers used. A caddie would say: "I got me a duck who *jumps* on me at

continued



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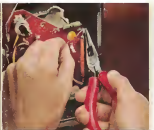
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Napa—lies down on the course and goes to sleep with two holes to go and we got the cut made cold."

Some of the terms they used were rather arcane. One caddie referred to a golfer as a "Union Oil."

"What's that?" I asked. "A Union Oil?"

"He's like those fancy oil stocks," I was told. "He goes up and down jes' like they do—man, he's a 69 one day, and the next he shoot up to 89. So we call him a Union Oil."

From the earliest days of golf, caddies have been the originators of golfing terms and also masters of the quip, the laconic remark that seems so often the legacy of menial jobs. I particularly like the caddie's retort to the novice golfer who shees an enormous divot out of the ground and asks, "What do I do with this?"

"Take it home," the caddie says, "an' practice on it."

Or:

Beginner, after repeated failures:

"Funny game, golf."

Caddie: "Taint meant to be."

Traditionally, caddies have been showboat characters. For example, when Johnny Pott sank a chip shot to win the Crosby in 1968, his caddie, Raydel Scott, flung his arms up and fell down in a heap. The television cameras caught him in his prostration of pleasure, and he told me that his mother had seen him on national television, and most of the neighborhood, and he had become a celebrity.

When I spoke to him, he got to reminiscing, and he said that he thought he might *patent* his collapse and do it every time he came on the 18th with a tournament winner, or even with someone back in the pack if that golfer recorded a good shot on television. "Just throw up my arms," Scott said, "and fall in a heap on the green."

"Scott, do you ever throw up your arms and fall in a heap on an *early* hole—if your man makes a great shot on the 3rd hole, say?"

I sensed his answer and was right: "Oh, I give a good ydl," he said. "But for falling down, I save that for the finishing holes and the television. I mean it takes something out of you to fall down like that. It's a question of timing. Of course, the trouble is you got to find someone to pack a bag for who's

going to do *his* side of the falling-down act. I mean, make that shot, baby. I been all set to fall down for some months now, but I ain't had no *kind* of cat to give me the opportunity. It seem like I'm fighting to make the cut every time.

"I dunno," he added mournfully. "Maybe the next time we make the cut I'm goin' to fall down in a heap jes' to keep my hand in. . . ."

I asked them about perhaps the most famous contemporary caddie—the one the golfing public would know about from watching TV—Arnold Palmer's Iron Man, the tall, gaunt dean of the caddies at the Masters in Augusta, the caddie everyone remembered for his long, slow, loping walk up the last fairways in the white coveralls, the old, thin face under the cap, and how he sat on the bag at the edge of the green with his knees drawn up under his chin, or stood out behind Palmer and leaned over and spoke his notions into Palmer's ear as the two of them inspected the lie of a putt on those huge last greens.

A chorus of disapprobation rose, particularly from Scott.

"Iron Man? What he know 'bout packing a bag? He know nothin', man."

"That's right. You get the Iron Man off the Masters course, an' he *lost*—why he stumble 'round like he gonna be *bit* by something."

Another caddie chimed in: "He been confused since he was 2 years old—man, how you talk about Iron Man?"

"Well," I said, "what about all that advice he gives Palmer. On the green. You see him there, leaning over, advising . . . at least he's whispering things for Palmer to hear."

"He's jes' movin' his lips. He don't know what he sayin'."

"Why, he ain't got nothin' to say. He don't know golf enough to say beans."

One of them leaned forward. "I'll tell you what he's sayin', man. He's leamin' into Palmer's ear an' he's saying, 'Jes in case you wanna know, Mr. Palmer, it's gettin' on to 'bout four fifteen in the afternoon.'"

The caddies all grinned and hee-hawed.

The one caddie all of them spoke favorably of—a hero among them, apparently—was Wayne Hagan, semiretired now, they said, who worked out of the Riviera Country Club in Pacific Palisades, Calif. They spoke of him as being

the first caddie who made a scientific art of the craft—checking the course early in the morning for pin positions and pacing off the holes and noting landmarks on a card so that if a golfer asked what the distance was, Hagan would say, looking at his card, "Well, from that tree it's exactly 135 yards to the center of the green." All of this, when Hagan began, was unknown, but it is now widely practiced, not only by the caddies, but by the golfers themselves.

"Tell me more about Hagan," I said.

"He really knew what he was doing," one of the caddies said. The others nodded. "Big pride in his work. There was this time he was carrying for Tommy Bolt. So Bolt says, 'What do you think?' and Hagan says, 'It's a six-iron.' Bolt says, 'No, it's a five.' Hagan says, 'No, it's a six and when you hit it, just hit it firm and don't press.' Bolt says, 'You're crazy, Hagan,' and he takes a five-iron and hits it 20 yards over the green. So Bolt takes the five-iron and he breaks it over his knee. Well, Hagan, who's been holding the six-iron, he breaks it over *his* knee, and he drops Bolt's bag right there and begins striding off down the fairway. He's done with him. But Bolt comes hurrying on down after him and he's all full of apologies. He says, 'Wait for me, Hagan, of Tom's right sorry. You was right. Listen, I'm on the tournament committee and I'm fining myself \$150 for what I done.'"

"Do caddies ever get fired?" I asked.

The caddie called the Baron spoke up and said that Bob Goolby had fired him three times on one hole.

"He says to me, 'How far is the flag?' I tell him, and he says, 'You're fired.' Well, I stand around and he comes up with a bad shot and he sees I was right and he looks around and he hires me again. But he's all riled up inside, and when he misses his next shot he bangs his club around and his eye lights on me and he fires me again. So I drop his bag. I stand around. I don't know who else he can hang the bag on. A couple of grandmothers. He don't have any bag gallery. His wife maybe. She was there. Or maybe he'll pack the bag himself. He must be thinking the same thing, 'cause after a while he says, 'Hey, Baron, pick it up,' which means he's hired me again. We get up to the green and we confer on a putt and he misses it real bad—he don't *begin* to do what I tell

continued

him. So he wheels around and he fires me again in this big loud voice. That's enough for me. I drop the bag and I head for the caddie shop. His wife comes running after me. She don't want to pack the bag. She says, 'Come back, Baron, please, Bob don't mean none of that, he needs you.' She's a great girl. I know he don't mean no harm. Golf does things to people. So I tell her that and I go back and I pick up his bag."

"Does a caddie ever really drop a bag on a pro?" I asked.

"Who was it—Tony?—who dropped Fausterwald's bag on the 15th at Denver in the Open in '69."

They nodded.

"Yah, Arnold Palmer won that one with a little short white caddie didn't he. You recall?"

Palmer had had some strange caddies, I was told. For a while, one caddie said, Palmer had a fellow who was a Marine Corps colonel on the lam—his wife was trying to sue him. The colonel thought he could lose himself in the traveling life of the caddies—which he imagined, I suppose, as the American equivalent of the French Foreign Legion. It worked for a while, until suddenly he was Palmer's caddie, appearing on television, and it rather went to his head. "He tried to

pass himself off as a big shot," the caddie said. "Man, he had a terrific wardrobe. He was a good-looking guy. He turned up at the country-club dances in a tuxedo—man, he was more at home in a tuxedo than Palmer. I don't know what ever happened to him."

"Maybe his wife caught up with him," I said.

"Well, it was sure a funny place to hide," the caddie said. "I mean, every Sunday, if his wife got a look at her TV set, there her husband would be—standing behind Arnie."

When I asked the caddies along the fence if there were any players they were not wildly anxious to work for, there was a quick reaction.

"Oh my!"

A chorus of dismay went up.

"Frank Beard!"

"Man, Bert Yancey's got to head that list."

"Baby, I'll tell you, Bobby Nichols is sure on the list, and there don't have to be no squeezing to get him on!"

"Cupul!"

"Tommy Aaron!"

"Shut yo' mouth. Richard Crawford, he's the cake."

"I'm telling you Frank Beard! Nobody's alive like him. I mean, I don't expect a man to be careless with money, you know, but..."

It seemed most of their assessment was on a financial basis.

"You know Deane Beman?" somebody said. "When he han' the money ovah, he look at you like you done stab him in the kneel!"

"How about the caddie's friends?" I asked hastily.

The mood grew respectful.

"Don Sikes, he's sure one, I'll tell you."

"Nicklaus. You know what he did for this caddie, this guy called Pappy?"

"What was that?" I asked.

"Pappy took his earnings at this Las Vegas tournament and he got hot on the crap tables and he had a pile—\$22,000—sitting in front of him. He thought his luck was never going to stop. He was going to take that entire town and stuff it in his back pocket. Well, someone ran and got Nicklaus and he come on the double and there's Pappy, the big crowd around him, with this wild gleam in his eye and rolling the dice like crazy. Nicklaus says, 'O.K., hand

it over, Pappy, 'fore it's gone.' He leaves Pappy \$2,000 and he takes that 20 grand and invests it for him in Arnold Palmer's equipment company. I tell you that fellow Pappy's sitting pretty these days."

"My man Doug Sanders is a caddie's friend," Cricket said. There was general agreement.

"I tell you," someone said, "the caddies' best friends are the golfers who finish in the top 15. You don't pack a bag for one of those cats and you like to have troubles."

"You're talking," said Cricket. He reported he had made \$2,700 in a month of Florida tournaments carrying Sanders' bag. Normally, if their golfer finishes out of the money, the caddie gets paid \$100 to \$150. Usually he can rely on 10% of his professional's winnings.

The caddie called Doc stirred and said that when it came to money they were all spoiled. He had been on the tour for 22 years. When he started to caddie he was lucky to get \$2 for packing a professional's bag for 18 holes. Out of the first prize for tournaments in those days—maybe \$3,000—why, a caddie'd be pretty lucky to clear \$150. Doc's real name was Foster Eubanks. He was called Doc because he carried all his gear—his rain hat and so forth—in a doctor's satchel. He was one of the caddies with a car. Five other caddies drove with him—spelling each other at the wheel. He shook his head thinking of their conduct. "They don't know what a dollar is. The gambling! Those boys from Dallas, I tell you, they'll bet you a hoss fell out of a tree."

The caddies themselves kept track of each other's fortunes. "You can tell if a caddie's doing O.K. on the tour by his shoes," one of them told me. "If he ain't wearing rubber-sole shoes to get a grip on the hills, and he's got on his regular shoes with wax paper in them to keep the wet out of his socks and slidin' under those bags—those big Haugs, they'll weigh over 100 pounds—and he's wearing a quarter in each ear to keep out the cold on the dew patrol, well, you got a caddie who hasn't got a deal, an' he'll be thinking real low."

One of the main topics that the traveling caddies talk about is the "Rule." They inveigh against it at any opportunity, and one can hear such odd legal phrases along caddies' row as, "I'm telling you, baby, it's restraint of trade



... and besides it ain't fair practices."

The Rule is the condition enforced by the PGA that touring caddies cannot work the tour from June 1 to September 1 when school is out and the caddie forces are largely made up of kids caddying for their summer jobs.

"Those kids snap up our bread," the Rabbit said. "Why in San Francisco this one time when they play the Open there in June, this boy from the University of Stanford packs for Bill Casper who makes the playoff and wins it. Kid's name was Jim Stark. Casper says, 'Stark, what's your fee for packing?' And he says, 'Seven dollars a day. Five dollars for the playoff 'cause that's extra.' Billy gives him \$2,000."

A moan went up along the fence.

"We're treated like dogs," one of the caddies said. "We got to park 50 miles over in the woods. The public don't understand this. We got a lot of trouble. We should have credentials just like the touring pros. We're worth it to them. In the seven years I been a touring caddie I can't think of a touring pro who's lost a penalty shot 'cause of some mistake."

It was true that many of the golfers were sympathetic to the caddies' woes. When I asked Doug Sanders about the Rule, he was very insistent. "I wish they'd waive it," he said. "You have to be lucky to get a good caddie in the summer. You don't want an intern operating on you; you want a doctor. A good caddie can help you maybe only one shot a week—but that adds up. Try that on the money list. It makes a big difference, particularly if you're anywhere near winning a tournament. It's like combat. You want someone you can really depend on."

But some of the golfers disapprove of the touring caddie arrangement. Tom Nieporie, for example, told me that he thought a team of a professional and his caddie, if they had been together for a long time, might be tempted, well, to try something. To give an extreme example, a caddie, with or without the knowledge of his pro, might edge a ball into a slightly better lie. Nieporie had never heard of this happening on the tour, but his point was that an arrangement should not be condoned that could so easily lead to such a temptation.

I asked the caddies about this, and they were scornful. "It never happen,"

one said. "Man'd be crazy to take a chance like that. You get caught, that's the end, baby. You ain't goin' to find any long-toed boys on the tour." When I asked, he said what he meant by "long-toed boys" was in reference to the old-time barefoot caddie who could envelop a ball with his toes and move it to a better lie.

The main attribute of the caddie, some professionals seem to feel, is to reinforce their pro's decisions, or even to dispute them, and make the golfer think hard before hitting his shot. But other golfers believe that the caddie's importance is overrated.

Claude Harmon was scornful of a caddie's advice. He said his instruction to them was always very simple: clean the clubs and the balls and show up on time and be in the right place and always be quiet. "My idea of a caddie is the one I won the Masters with. Never said one word. He won two other Masters that I know of—with Ben Hogan and Jackie Burke—and I think he won a fourth one. We compared notes and only Burke could remember him saying anything. That was on the 72nd hole, and Burke, who was looking over his putt, heard this calm voice just behind him say, 'Cruise it right in there, Mister Burke. Cruise it in.' And he did, too."

Harmon said he never could remember asking a caddie's advice. He said "How can a boy know what you spend your life learning? For instance, how's a caddie going to judge your adrenaline supply? Think of Trevino in the '68 Open. He comes down the stretch just about ready to take the whole thing and he asks his caddie to club him and the guy suggests a five-iron. Trevino's all hopped up, crazy strong, and he knows it, so he grabs himself an eight-iron and hits the flag with it. Well, imagine where a five-iron would have taken him. Right out of the whole caboodle, that's where."

Players sometimes have doubts about caddies, but caddies rarely have doubts about themselves. This is especially true in England, where the caddie ranks with the cook and butler as a personage not to offend. Bobby Cruickshank told me that on his first practice round at Muirfield in 1929 he had a 75-year-old caddie, Willie Black. Cruickshank hit a good drive on the 1st hole. "Willie," he said, "give me the two-iron." "Look here, sir," Willie said, "I'll give you the club,

you play the bloody shot." And I've always liked the story about the caddie at St. Andrews who interrupted his "boss" (which was the current term) at the top of his backswing and shouted, "Stop! We've changed our mind. We'll play the shot with an iron!"

What a tradition caddies come from. They don't know it, sitting down there on the fence wondering what they'll get at the next tournament, probably a name for sure, but their heritage goes way back to the game's beginnings. I suppose the first of their number who achieved prominence was Scotland's William Gunn of the early 19th century. Caddie Willie, he was called—an odd and famous character referred to in the chronicles of the time as "peculiar but harmless." His habit was never to refer to those he caddied for by name, but rather by profession. Mr. Brand, for example, his landlord and an amateur gardener, he called "the man of the cabbage," as in "You'll be needin' a cleeke, sure as not, man of the cabbage, to reach the green."

He wore his entire wardrobe on his back, one suit above the other—four or five of them at a time, including their vests. An old worn fur coat was outermost. He wore three bonnetlike hats, each sewed within the other. Had he been driving from one tournament to another, Johnny Pott would have found nothing in the trunk of his car, that's for sure.

And there isn't a caddie down there by the rail, not one, who doesn't agree with my favorite caddie of all. He was a Frenchman—Vardon has told the story about him—who packed the golf bag of an Englishman playing the course at Pau, just north of the Basque country. The Englishman made a particularly fine approach shot, and he turned to his caddie with a wide smile for some indication of approval. "Well, good heavens! What? What?"

The caddie's English was very limited. He struggled and offered what he had often heard uttered but did not fully understand. He said, nodding happily in reply: "Beastly fluke!"

NEXT WEEK

Golf, so often a game of splendid isolation, can leave a player at the mercy of his own imagination. Fancy overwhelms reality, a pro is left in a small town, a killer stalks. .

Photographs by Neil Leifer

The sideline is a narrow stretch of grass, or what used to be grass, trampled brown by cleated shoes and littered with torn tape, buckets, dirty towels, tables, phone wires, first-aid kits, helmets, play diagrams—all the flotsam of big-time football. It is the worst place from which to follow a game. "I love a goal-line stand," Michigan State Coach Duffy Daugherty has said. "I wish they'd move them to the 50-yard line so I could see one someday." It is the best place, however, to observe the drama of the sport, for what happens there is a magnified reflection of what is taking place on the field. The sideline is like a stage, a setting for displays of many emotions—of happiness, anger, exultation, pain, fear, hope and sometimes hopelessness. And, therefore, as these scenes from the 1967 season show, it is a place the fan should watch. Then he, too, can share . . .

The Frenzy in the Front Row

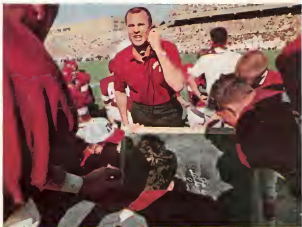
Having just heard that top-ranked USC has lost, UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro addresses the Bruin rooting section, which is shouting, "We're No. 1." Below, Georgia players react traditionally to a touchdown in 30-0 rout of Mississippi State.



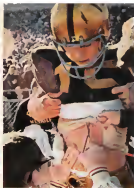
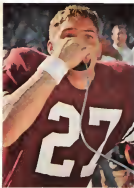




The edge of the field is the hardest place of all to teach the game or to learn it. At left, a share of the Big Ten title is at stake as Minnesota Assistant Coach Mike McGee punches home a point to the offense. Below, another conference championship is at issue as intent Ralph Smith of Texas A&M gets word from on high as to how to beat Texas and, bottom, a Purdue coach studies an Oregon State formation on film.



In part a field hospital, the bench offers a chance to repair both body and spirit. At right, Texas A&M Tailback Wendell Housley gulps oxygen and Purdue Quarterback Mike Phipps, fighting in a losing cause against Oregon State, has tape protecting an earlier injury removed on the chance that this will improve his mobility.



Crisis can manifest itself in many ways. The ice bag around the ankle at right testifies to the most celebrated injury of a season, the misstep that took USC's O. J. Simpson out of a game and endangered 1967's No. 1 team. Below, Colorado Linebacker Rocky Marbin is a portrait of exhaustion as his team loses to Oklahoma.



Just as in the stands, joy, worry and sorrow are commonplace emotions around the bench. Below, a young Texas roofer joins players in the hope that A&M can be beaten, while UCLA's Bill Bolden gets backing from his mother, who rushed to the field when he was knocked wobbly by Washington. Finally, at right, the game is over but the sideline drama lingers on in the person of a sad Colorado cheerleader.





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It took a Street to get Texas on the road

There has been controversy over his tactics and dismay over his record, but Texas Coach Darrell Royal went one up on his detractors when his Longhorns ran all over pass-minded Arkansas By DAN JENKINS

A sign held by a University of Texas supporter outside Memorial Stadium in Austin last Saturday night said, LET'S MAKE ARKANSAS THE NEXT NAGASAKI, and a countersign lofted by a red-shrouded Razorback fanatic suggested, OUR COACHING STAFF IS WORTH 10 POINTS. Thus the scene was set for another game between two teams that have made their rivalry the Marat-Sade of college football. But this time more was involved than just the usual blast-off of opponents that get higher than rockets for each other. This would be an ideological conflict that would prove whether Texas Coach Darrell Royal was going conservatively batty.

Here came the Arkansas team of progressive Frank Broyles, undefeated and averaging 35 points a game with a pro-style offense that Broyles described as "two split people and two runners." And here stood Texas in a furnace of criticism, because in this era of pitch-and-catch football, Royal was running an offense that was three yards and a cloud of protest.

Throughout the first half, as 66,000 stood and screamed, the game was every bit as hysterical as most Texas-Arkansas confrontations are. Quarterback Bill Montgomery, a brash sophomore, was passing Arkansas all over the field, and the Texas corps of runners—Chris Gilbert, Steve Worster and Ted Koy—was barging and butting back with equal success from Royal's Y-T formation, which looks so out of date he hasn't even bothered to name it. All of this had the scoreboard flickering like a pinball machine. Arkansas led 3-0, Texas tied it 3-3, Arkansas went ahead 9-3, Texas came back 10-9, Arkansas jumped up again 15-10, and Texas made it 18-15 and then 25-15 before everybody stag-

gered into the locker room for a half-time sedative.

In the second half, however, it became evident that one team had more muscle. It was Texas. And it also became evident that with this kind of ground-nipping force and everything clicking, Darrell Royal can run the flying wedge if he wants to and the Longhorns will be difficult to handle. Texas swept through and around Arkansas—hammer, bang, squirt—and put the contest out of reach as it ran to a 39-15 lead before the third quarter was over. Royal's stubbornness now looked most gratifying. Gilbert had made 108 yards and two touchdowns, Worster had slashed inside for 82 yards, Koy had hit the tackles for 53 yards and Quarterback James Street had wiggled on wide keepers for 71 more yards. The Texas ground game was in the process of rolling up 329 yards, and Street, the recent discovery at quarterback who could put it all together, had even thrown a 51-yard pass for a touchdown. It was one of only eight passes Texas tried all evening, compared to the 35 that Montgomery hurled for reeling Arkansas. In the end, Montgomery got the Razorbacks two more scores to make the final count 39-29, but that was after Royal had achieved one of the more precious and necessary victories of his career.

Long before all of the thousands of Razorback rooters came to Austin, wearing their red coats, vests and wives, a big question was being asked about Texas and Darrell Royal. "Goodness gracious, why is Texas performing so indifferently?" is the way Longhorn fans were not phrasing it. Texas, with what everyone expected to be an excellent team, had been tied by Houston and beaten by Texas Tech. The last-minute

victory over Oklahoma had helped ease the criticism of Royal to a degree, but no one could forget that Texas was a team struggling to overcome a lot of difficulties Texas does not usually have. Some players had quit the squad—name recruits when they were in high school—Royal's run-conscious attack was being juggled at, and Bill Bradley had not only been demoted from first-team quarterback, he had been moved to split end where he was only sharing time with a sophomore, Cotton Speyer.

Among the explanations offered by anti-Royal forces were the following. Royal's practices were too grueling for the "modern" athlete (thus, the quitting of nine players); Royal's offense was not suited to the current vogue of aerial football and therefore Texas could not "out-score" the other team, which is what you have to do in this day and time; Royal had been plain stubborn about Bill Bradley, a nifty little operator but inconsistent, not smart and hardly what you would call a Slingin' Sam Fingerlace, what with his tany hands.

On Friday night before the game Royal had answers for all of his critics. "I'll go out of this business saying the same things," Royal began. "Give me an O.J. Simpson and I'll show you a coaching genius. Winning takes care of everything, and you've got to try to win with the talent you have available. I may be one of the few people around who recognizes what has happened in our conference. Other people have good athletes, that's what. Other people have athletes in school, under conference rules, that could not play at Texas because our scholastic requirements are higher. Anyone who does not believe that is welcome to look at some documentation."

Royal said his practices had been no

continued

tougher than usual, but some of his off-the-field restrictions had been tightened. "Most of the kids who quit were 6-4 season players who had been beaten out. Deryl Comer was the only one that shocked me. Deryl came in one day and said, 'Coach, I'm just tired of football. I don't like to play it anymore. I've been playing all my life because other people wanted me to.' So Comer left. I was sick. He was one of our best. But a day later he was back. He just came back and said he couldn't understand why he left and he's been great. His catches helped us beat Oklahoma."

Then there was Bradley. Super Bill was Texas' starting quarterback as a sophomore in 1966, and few players ever entered Austin with more fanfare. But in the third game of that season he hurt his knee and he was never the same after that. "Up to then he had honestly looked like we thought he would," Royal argues.

James Street was a sophomore who could have beaten Bradley out in 1967, but Street had pitched baseball in the spring, had not been impressive in drills, and Bradley's natural ability carried him slowly along. Bradley won some and

lost some—and Texas was 6-4 again.

"You kept looking at that ability and telling yourself he might explode with consistency next Saturday," Royal says.

Super Bill exploded this season, but as a different way. He threw only one completion—and three interceptions—in the opener against Houston, which Texas barely managed to tie 20-20. Then he lost his job to Street in the Texas Tech game when Street was sent in as a desperation measure and brought Texas back into the game from 6-21. Tech held on to win 31-22, but Street got the Longhorn offense rolling and earned the team's confidence. A cocky, good-looking youngster with sideburns, Street proved himself under pressure two weeks later when he passed Texas to its 26-20 win over Oklahoma.

By the end of the Arkansas game last Saturday night Street had looked so sharp that Royal is probably headed for another round of criticism. It will begin, "Why didn't Royal discover James Street sooner?" Or even, perhaps, "Why wasn't Texas running this Y-T formation during all those awful 6-4 years? Everybody knows the passing game is on the way out."

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

WEST

1. USC (5-0)
2. CALIFORNIA (4-1)
3. STANFORD (3-1-1)

For a while it looked like the weekly USC game plan—"Give the ball to O. J.," was not going to work against Washington. Simpson carried the ball his usual million times and scored once from the one-yard line, but he also dropped the ball a million times, too, or so it seemed to the 60,000 rooters at the Memorial Coliseum in Los Angeles. One of his two bobbles gave the Huskies, who had tied the score at 7-7 in the third quarter, a chance to go ahead in the last period against the country's No. 1 team. But USC stopped them on the one-yard line, and then the real O. J. stood up, slashing off tackle, racing wide and carrying six times for 48 yards. In just 10 plays USC had gone 90 yards to the Washington nine. On the next play O. J. swept left, cut inside and sprinted over for the touchdown that won for the Trojans 14-7. Simpson ran 33 times for 172 yards and now has 980 yards and 14 touchdowns in five games. Reminded that USC is idle next Saturday, O. J. said, "A week off. Oh, that's beautiful." USC Coach John McKay must have agreed, for nothing is coming easy for his Trojans this year.

In Berkeley a team that might cause USC some grief, California, made up for five years of frustration against UCLA. Normally, when UCLA gets ahead 15-7, that's it. But this is a bleak autumn for Bruin Coach Tommy Prothro and a rare one for Cal. A big and tough California defense, led by Guard Ed White and Linebacker Dennis Pitta, simply overwhelmed UCLA, and Quarterback Randy Humphries took it from there. He threw touchdown passes to Split End Wayne Stewart and Halfback Paul Williams as Cal won handily 39-15. It was UCLA's third straight loss. "The way we're playing," complained Prothro, "we won't win another game." But don't bet on that.

Oregon State Coach Dee Andros has not been much happier lately than Prothro. His team has lost twice, each time by a single point. But the Great Pumpkin brightened a bit after his Beavers, wallowing happily in the mud at Portland's Civic Stadium, battered Arizona State 28-9. While an alert OSU defense picked off seven Arizona State passes, Quarterback Steve Preece ran Andros' roll-out offense perfectly. Preece scored once himself and passed and pried out to Halfback Billy Mann for two touchdowns.

Stanford, emotionally mute after giving its all against USC last week, settled gratefully for a tie with Washington State. Strug-



NEW TEXAS QUARTERBACK JAMES STREET GETS READY TO TRY ONE OF HIS FEW PASSES

gling all day, the Indians scored on Quarterback Jim Plunkett's 300-yard pass to Flanker Gene Washington with 6:18 to go, cutting WSU's lead to 21-20. Coach John Rolston hardly hesitated before sending Steve Horowitz in for the extra-point kick that made it 21-21.

While everyone in the Western Athletic Conference had eyes for Wyoming, a 20-9 winner over Utah, and Arizona State, Arizona has streaked in as a bona fide challenger. The Wildcats, still unbeaten and off to their best start in 23 years, turned two Brigham Young fumbles and a pass interception into scores and won their fourth straight, 19-3. Arizona and Wyoming are undefeated in the conference and tied for first place.

SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (4-0-1)
2. TENNESSEE (4-0-1)
3. MIAMI (4-1)

Watching the rain fall the night before the Alabama-Tennessee contest, one Southeastern Conference official tried to encourage a fretful fan, saying, "Don't worry. Bear Bryant will stop the rain." Although the game was played in sunshine, there were indications that The Bear may be running out of wizardry. After Doanette Sutton of Alabama caught a touchdown pass with 1:12 left to culminate a fine scoring drive and bring the score to 10-9, Tennessee, Bryant went for a two-point conversion on a quarterback option play. It failed. But Alabama recovered an onside kick and, with five seconds to go, tried a field goal from the 26-yard line. It was blocked, and that was the ball game. Speaking about the two-point try, Bryant said, "It was my fault. I should have gone for the tie and then tried the onside kick. It was stupid." As to the blocked field goal, it was one of those plays that make coaches wonder who needs them. The man who blocked the ball was Tennessee's Jim Weatherford, normally a defensive halfback. During practice, though, he had once switched positions with Monstern Nick Showalter. "I asked Nick why not switch on the field-goal try," Weatherford said later. They switched. Weatherford got his hand on the ball and Tennessee had its victory. Earlier, another bit of minuscule strategy paid off. The Volunteers, noticing a fairly strong wind, forsook a punt and let Karl Krenser try a 54-yard field goal. "I looked at an Alabama linebacker as I got ready to kick, and he smiled," Krenser said, "and I sort of chuckled at the idea myself." But only Tennessee laughed when Krenser made the field goal, the longest in SEC history.

Gladys and Gayle jostled Florida from the unbeaten ranks. With Gladys—the hurricane—sweeping the Chapel Hill field with rain and wind, and with Gayle—Quarter-

back Gayle Bomar—passing and running stormily, North Carolina upset the Gators 22-7. The Tar Heels helped themselves by picking up eight of 11 Gator fumbles, and Don Harrig kicked field goals of 42, 44 and 47 yards.

"Field-goal attempt by Riley is no damn good." Thus read the play-by-play sheet following Georgia Tech's 21-20 upset of Auburn in which the Tigers' usually surefooted John Riley missed a field goal from the 29 with 1:02 left. Auburn Coach Shug Jordan, whose forces had taken command 14-0 at one point, was frustrated in other ways, too. More than anyone it was Tech's Larry Good who bothered Jordan as he hit on 17 of 27 passes for 232 yards and two touchdowns. Said Jordan, "We tried all kinds of red dogs and blue dogs and Charlie dogs but we couldn't get to Good." Jordan also had to wonder if he was really right in having Riley try his field goal on second down with more than a minute left to play.

When Georgia's offense was not scoring, its defense was setting things up so it could as the Bulldogs thrashed Vanderbilt 32-6. Bruce Kemp ran for 114 yards, and Quarterbacks Mike Cavan and Donnie Hampton passed for 261. But the most stimulating play of the day was turned in by Georgia's 260-pound Defensive Tackle Bill Stanfill, who waddled—relatively speaking—64 yards with an interception.

Sophomores helped LSU and Mississippi win. A stout goal-line defense, led by Linebacker Mike Anderson, enabled LSU to contain Kentucky 13-3. For Mississippi the standout was Archie Manning, who rallied the Rebels against Southern Mississippi. Manning ran eight yards for one touchdown, then passed 49 yards for another in a 21-13 victory. Mississippi State stunned nonconference foe Texas Tech with a 28-28 stand-off as Tommy Pharr passed for 204 yards.

"Maybe I would have made it if I hadn't turned to look." That was Larry Creekmore of Virginia Tech talking about his 57-yard run with an interception, a sprint that wound up five short of the end zone when he was caught by Miami's Bobby Best. Four plays later Miami took over on the line and hung on for a 13-8 win.

Fearing that Gladys might visit his game against Memphis State, Bill Peterson of Florida State had his boys practice under the sprinklers. As it was, Gladys went elsewhere, which is where Tiger Coach Spook Murphy wished FSU Flanker Ron Sellers had gone. Sellers caught 13 passes for 218 yards and a pair of touchdowns as the Seminoles won 20-10.

Linebacker Ray Hester's performance—he made 11 individual tackles, was in on seven others and stole two Boston College passes—led to a 28-14 Tulane win and removed BC from the list of the undefeated, and sharp passing by Mike Sherwood gave

West Virginia a 20-0 victory over William & Mary.

Five Duke fumbles and two Clemson interceptions were significant factors as the Tigers won an Atlantic Coast contest 39-22. North Carolina State padded its ACC lead by stopping Virginia 19-0. Maryland took its second game in a row, by upsetting South Carolina 21-19. Twice the Terps prevented the Gamecocks from scoring on two-point conversions in the fourth quarter.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (4-0)
2. SYRACUSE (3-1)
3. YALE (4-0)

It was hardly the kind of a matchup that inspires heroes, but both Pitt and Navy felt they had a lot of self-respect at stake in their game at Annapolis last Saturday. Pitt had won only once and had been humiliated by such scores as 63-7, 38-14 and 50-17. Navy had lost all four of its games and faced the likely prospect of its first winless season in 85 years. Aside from the mutual feeling of futility, there was also a close kinship between the rival coaches. Pitt's Dave Hart and Navy's Bill Elias. Hart had been one of Elias' assistants before moving to Pitt. Perhaps the ideal finish would have been a tie.

Pitt, despite some early fumbling, led 16-6 going into the last quarter on two touchdown passes by Quarterback Dave Havern and a 30-yard field goal by Joe Specko. With Tailback Roland Laurence out with a broken collarbone and Jeri Buhby, his substitute, on the sidelines with a twisted ankle, Navy looked sunk. Elias, in desperation, put Don Pike, his No. 2 fullback, at tailback. "I told him," said Elias later, "there's no choice. Dummy, you have to play it." What had been no choice turned out to be an opportune one as Pike led the Middles on an 80-yard drive that ended with Quarterback Mike McNallen throwing a 13-yard touchdown pass to Fullback Tom Duley. Minutes later, Navy got a safety when a center snap sailed over the Pitt punter's head, and then Pike's running put the Middles into position for a 36-yard field goal by Tim Cocozza as Navy won 17-16.

Life was much easier for Army Coach Tom Cahill who worried about Rutgers, which usually gives the Cadets trouble, and the pattern seemed to be repeating itself when the Scarlet Knights took the opening kickoff and marched to the Army 29. But that was as far as Rutgers got. Fullback Charlie Jarvis pummeled the overmatched Knights for 153 yards, and the Cadets sloshed through the rain to a 24-9 victory with Halfbacks Lynn Moore and Billy Hunter scoring on short runs, Tom Haller running back an intercepted pass 29 yards and Art Jensen kicking a 31-yard field goal.

Old Blues who braved the elements in

continued

the Yale Bowl almost lost the glow of their tailgate martini when underdog Columbia took a 7-0 lead over unbeaten Yale. But the Elis soon righted things as Quarterback Brian Dowling's wetball passes and Halfback Calvin Hill's splendid running—he gained 102 yards—crushed the poor Lions 29-7. Nor was the football team the only Columbia loser. Half the musicians in the Lion marching band were barefoot when they stepped out on the field at halftime. Some playful Yales had stolen their shoes.

Two other Ivy League teams also remained undefeated. Harvard, with little Vic Getto and Ray Hornblower breaking up the hefty Cornell defensive line, beat the Big Red 10-0, and Penn, one of the league's perennial whipping boys, continued to show surprising strength by rolling over Lehigh 34-0. Dartmouth and Princeton reacted curiously to their bruising game of the previous week. Dartmouth, the loser, routed Brown 48-0, while Princeton, the winner, lost to Colgate 14-7.

MIDWEST

- 1 OHIO STATE (4-0)
- 2 KANSAS (5-0)
- 3 PURDUE (4-1)

If Wake Forest Coach Bill Tate could hardly believe it, imagine how Purdue's Jack Mollenkopf must have felt when the winless Wake Forest Deacons, scheduled as a breather by the Boilermakers, found themselves ahead 27-14 with less than 10 minutes to play. Wake Quarterback Freddy Summers, quick and nervy, had scored once and passed for a touchdown en route to an apparent upset, while Purdue's usually brilliant Leroy Keyes, suffering from cramps and shuffling in and out of the game to rest a bad right knee and ankle, had fumbled six times, losing four of them. But Keyes and Purdue were not finished. In the last frantic minutes Keyes caught a 27-yard pass from Quarterback Mike Phipps to set up a 14-yard touchdown run by Halfback Jimmy Kirkpatrick and then led another charge downfield, clearing it himself by going in from the two-yard line to tie the score with 1:16 to go. When Jeff Jones kicked the final extra point, Purdue had won 28-27 and saved itself from the upset of the year.

Ohio State, meanwhile, had its problems with Northwestern. It did not seem possible that the Wildcats, after being victimized by Miami, USC, Purdue and Notre Dame, could really have anything left. But they hung on against the powerful Buckeyes and were behind only 27-21 going into the last quarter. Up until then it had been a fairly even battle of sophomore quarterbacks, with Ohio State's Rex Kern and Northwestern's Dave Stelbourne each throwing two touchdown passes and scoring once. But then reality struck the Wild-

cats in the form of three quick Ohio State touchdowns and a score of 45-21. The postgame cry around OSU Coach Woody Hayes was "Woody's No. 1 Woody's No. 1."

It was Indiana's homecoming weekend, but home was never as troubled as this. First, President Herman B. Wells declared there would be no Homecoming Queen because there were no Negroes among the finalists. Then Michigan, the surprise of the Big Ten, embarrassed the Hoosiers by beating them 27-22. Michigan Quarterback Dennis Brown threw the big touchdown pass, a 36-yarder to Bill Harris. Then, after Indiana's Harry Gonso got the Hoosiers close with a touchdown pass of his own with 2:18 to go, the Wolverines ran out the clock.

Michigan State's Duffly Daugherty never goes for the tie, and, when sophomore Quarterback Bill Triplett's 17-yard touchdown pass to End Frank Foreman with 2:34 to play cut Minnesota's lead to 14-13, there was no doubt that Daugherty would order a go-for-broke play. Duffly did, and the play broke down, giving Minnesota its seventh win over SMU in their last nine games. Illinois also tried the two-point play, but against Notre Dame who needs it? Quarterback Terry Hanratty piled up 212 yards passing and 55 running to break George Gipp's 48-year-old Notre Dame total-offense record—4,180 yards to 4,110—as the Irish leveled the Illini 58-8. Wisconsin did better, losing to Iowa by a mere 41-0.

Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers was in a jovial mood last week. He sang and whistled a song that he said was *Sweetie, Lollipop and Riser* and told everybody, "I'm a whistler and a singer." And everything was *Sweetie*, etc. against Oklahoma State. With Quarterback Bob Douglass passing and running and Don Shanklin and the Riggin brothers, John and Junior, hitting away at the Cowpokes, Kansas won 49-14.

Rodgers soon may have to stop singing and start worrying about Missouri. The alert Tigers scooped up six Nebraska fumbles, two of which came on punts that bounced off sleepy Husker blockers, scored all their points within seven minutes in the first half and then held on for a 16-14 victory. Oklahoma and Colorado also looked good, the

Sooners beating Iowa State 42-7 and Colorado whipping Kansas State 37-14.

It obviously takes a lot to impress Ohio U. The Bobcats were aware that Miami of Ohio's defense was the best in the nation, but they thought they had a pretty good offense. It turned out to be better than Miami's defense. With Quarterback Cleveland leading the way—he passed for two touchdowns—Ohio rushed for 180 yards, added 179 passing and won the Mid-American showdown 24-7.

SOUTHWEST

- 1 TEXAS (3-1-1)
- 2 ARKANSAS (4-1)
- 3 SMU (4-1)

Texas looked powerful in upending Arkansas, but SMU also put on a good show in beating Rice to go into a tie for the Southwest Conference lead. The Mustangs, picked to finish near the bottom, stopped the Owls 32-24, thereby tying for first place with Texas Tech, a team SMU must face this week. For a while it looked as if the Mustangs were going to live up to their preseason predictions, for they trailed 24-14 at the half. Then Halfback Mike Richardson, End Jerry Levas and Quarterback Chuck Hixon adjusted to the Rice defense. Richardson hammered out 143 yards and three touchdowns. Levas, the nation's No. 1 receiver, was double- and triple-teamed, yet caught six passes from Hixon, who it first in the country in passing and total offense. In all, Hixon completed 27 of 45 throws for 253 yards and ran for two touchdowns.

Casualty reports prior to the Texas A&M-TCU game were so long and well publicized that it seemed volunteers might be requested from the grandstand. At one point 11 starters were on the injury lists. But as usual there were more curative powers associated with the opening kickoff than anywhere outside of an Oral Roberts heal-in. Linchaker Bill Hobbs of the Aggies, for example, who was supposed to have been out indefinitely with a wrenched back, was in there wrenching TCU backs on every defensive play. And Norman Bulach of the Frogs forgot about his jammed neck and the flu long enough to go for 90 yards. Once the game began the only obvious illness was in the TCU pass defense. A&M Quarterback Edd Hargett made it look sick as he passed for 251 yards. On defense the Aggies halted the Frogs three times inside the 10 as they came up with a 27-7 win that set medical science back a decade.

Quarterback Bob Stewart's pass-run options and Jeff White's three field goals lifted Texas-El Paso to a 30-14 win over New Mexico State. Mercury Morris, the nation's leading ground-gainer, was held to six yards in the first half but then flew for 126 in the second half as West Texas State ran over Arlington 41-0.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Ohio State's Quarterback Rex Kern shook off injuries and tackled to pass for 170 yards and two touchdowns, ran for 121 yards and gave Northwestern Coach Alex Agate to say, "We couldn't do anything with him."

THE LINEMAN: Mike Anderson, a 6' 3", 215-pound sophomore linebacker for LSU, made half a dozen tackles inside his own five-yard line and both caused and recovered a Kentucky fumble on the two to paralyze the Wildcats.

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Chevrolet pokes its Nova in

The 1969 Chevy Nova is the kind of car that can make an economy import wish it had never left home.

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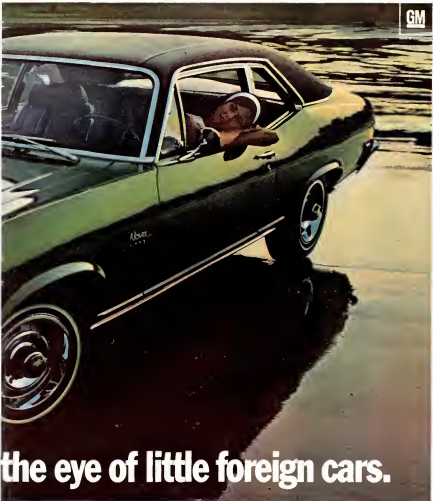
brings you all these talents in a most attractive package.

(We re-direct your attention to the photograph above.)

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Nova rides a lot like the big Chevrolets. Very smooth, very quiet, with generous amounts of rubber between the body and the frame. One of this year's big improvements is a quieter driveline.

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new two-spoke steering wheel and easier to reach door lock buttons. All standard.

There's a no-clutch transmission called Torque-Drive that sells for under \$70 if you're tired of shifting gears.

Now, getting back to those little

foreign cars.

On second thought, why don't we just forget them.



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"There is nothing shocking about it—we're naked, that's all," sniffed Actress **Irene Papas** of a swimming scene in her film, *Ecce Homo*. Given the context in which she and her companion are bathing, Miss Papas is right: that swimsuits would be a little fuzzy. As far as they know they are the last man and last woman alive on earth.

Also active on the non-Olympic swimming scene (though wearing a bathing costume) was France's Education Minister, **Edgar Faure**. Faure, now 60, took up the sport at the age of 37 and so enjoys it that a reporter recently found that the best way to interview him was to climb into the Hôtel de Paris pool with him as *Monic Carlo*. "Among other agreeable things, that people say about me," the minister confided, "is that I am a good swimmer. Watch me and you will see if I am." The reporter got to watch for only five laps, after which Faure announced that he must be off to lunch with his wife, but the reporter had had time to observe that although his arm movements were a bit stiff the minister's kick was admirably brisk.

◆ Athletes and actors continue

to invade each other's TV turf. The past few weeks have given us **Floyd Patterson** as a home-steader on *Wild, Wild West*, **Sugar Ray Robinson** playing a killer on *Murder, Suspense* and, most recently, **Bill Russell** on *It Takes a Thief* in a role described by one viewer as that of a butler and another as that of a bodyguard (the compromise would seem to be "valet"). As for the actors playing athletes, **Hugh O'Brian** has filmed *A Post, a Pair and a Prayer* for a Hall of Fame football special in November. O'Brian, 43, will play an aging pro trying to make it back after an injury caused by a kick in the head. He deserves some credit for having played all of his own games against the Westchester Bulls (one of the Gaius' farm teams) and for the fact that the head you will see kicked was O'Brian's own.

It is common for local business firms to shower goodies upon their home teams, and Texas business firms are certainly no exception. They come across with such tribute as free silk and turtle-skin boots for the Cowboys and boutique clothes for Cowboy wives. The Westclox Company's new *Timely Play Award* is less exotic, but gen-

erous—a clock for every room in the house of the player whom they vote the week's winner. One recent winner was Linebacker **Chuck Howley**, who received nine clocks for his play against the Eagles. The following week it was—Chuck Howley, who received nine more clocks for his play against the Cardinals. Westclox allows the winner to trade his clocks in on watches if he so desires. Howley did, and the proud owner of 23 timepieces (that's all it was at press time) says he just hopes he is never late to any meetings.

◆ "The dollar boys beat the entrepreneurs," conceded **Cyrus L. McKannon**, general manager of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Louisville Times*. He and **McKay Reed Jr.**, general agent for John Hancock, were playing tennis against Louisville bank president **Maurice Johnson** and the country's No. 1 banker, **William McChesney Martin Jr.**, head of the Federal Reserve Board. Martin is 61 but he neither drinks nor smokes and has been playing tennis for 40 years. He and Johnson took their younger opponents in the first three sets but slowed down in the fourth. Martin called it quits with the score five games to five, announcing, "I've run out of steam." The steam certainly had not yet run out at the time of the service photographed at right.

Considering what pro football players go through on the field one would think they deserve an exemption from freak accidents. Not a chance, as two of the Washington Redskins can attest. Offensive Guard **Vince Pro-simo** dislocated his shoulder against the Eagles, had it set and dislocated it all over again in bed that night while mentally replaying the game "about 40 times" under the influence of sodium pentathol. Two days later

Defensive End **Carl Kammerer** sprained his back. He was pulling up his socks. "I just can't understand it," Kammerer growled. "I go through all this combat and don't get a scratch, then I'm pulling on a sock and this hits me." He had a speaking engagement and he kept it, "all hunched up like a mummy," as he says, "and the next morning I could hardly stand up."

Not long ago **Robin Gabriel**, son of the Rams' quarterback **Roman Gabriel**, hopped it home with the news that "Johnny Unitas' son goes to my school!" His mother confined her remarks to "Oh!" and Robin went on to say, "Yeah, I was playing kickball with this kid and told him that my dad was Roman Gabriel, and he said, 'Sure, and my dad is Johnny Unitas.'"



The remarkably unremarkable Bruce McLaren

Charisma he hasn't got, but in the rich arena of Can-Am sports-car racing New Zealand's Mr. Modest has become a powerful, affluent Mr. Big



The Canadian-American Challenge Cup series is unique in international automobile racing and, although only in its third year, the 80,000 fans expected at the Riverside International Raceway in California Sunday for the fifth event on the season's calendar will testify to the fact that it has already captured the imagination of the racing public. It isn't hard to see why. The series is for Group 7 sports cars, and in the lexicon of the Sports Car Club of America and the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile that means quite simply that anything goes. The cars are loud, the cars are fast (with top speeds approaching 200 mph), the cars are boosterously beautiful, with wildly carved bodywork, with spoilers, airfoils and air scoops sticking out everywhere. Most important, they are sports cars in name only. The only serious restrictions are that they have a passenger seat—although nobody rides shotgun—and that their wheels be covered. Otherwise, the only limitations imposed on design and construction are those of the imagination.

The fans have to be on their toes, for the series is brutally short. There are six races—in Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Bridgehampton, N.Y.; Edmonton, Alta.; Monterey, Calif.; Riverside and Las Vegas—in the space of just 10 weeks, and the

demands on drivers, crews and the cars themselves are punishing. Staccato-fast the races come and go, as do the brief weekends of a football season, and no one dares fall behind. It is not a series in which one plays catch-up.

Above all, it is a rich competition. In 1966 the prize money came to \$358,000. Last year the figure was \$472,720 and this year it should reach \$518,470—all in all, a situation ripe for exploitation by old, reputable and durable racing teams like those of Ferrari, or Lotus, or even the newer American ones of Dan Gurney and Roger Penske. But, in fact, the plucking has been done not by them but by a New Zealander named Bruce McLaren, a quiet, friendly chap, who is about as well known outside of racing as the pre-Miami Spiro Agnew was beyond Baltimore. McLaren walks with a limp, drinks lots of orange juice and has a tooth that sticks out at a 45° angle when he smiles. He is always on the verge of a smile, as though he is carrying out some joke on the world that only he knows about, and there is always the threat of that laugh of his, a great, crisp, male Melina Mercours laugh that can be heard, easily, over the roar of mere engines.

McLaren is the founding father of Team McLaren, its No. 1 driver and

the designer of its cars, which over the last two years have simply spread-eagled the Can-Am competition. This has been done in two ways. The first is through Team McLaren itself, whose road show features the following key personnel:

- Gary Knutson, a lanky Coloradan with perpetually frowzy, just-washed hair and an absolutely stunning wife. Knutson probably knows more about the 427-cu-in Chevrolet engine McLaren uses than the man who built it in the first place.
- Tyler Alexander, a very improper Bostonian, who is McLaren's crew chief. Alexander got involved with racing cars because he liked to take pictures of them and is the only man who can talk back to McLaren and consistently get away with it. After three years of touring with McLaren he even laughs like him.
- Teddy Mayer, a native of Pennsylvania who is the nephew of former Governor William Scranton, has a degree from Yale Law School, a tax consultant's diploma from New York University and blinks a lot.

And then there is the driver of the second Team McLaren car, Denis Hulme, the 1967 Grand Prix champion. The fact that he drives for McLaren is in itself unique. Hulme, also a New Zealander,



COOL KIWIS McLaren and world champion Hulme share a chuckle on Can-Am circuit

is a faster driver than McLaren, and the boss is surprisingly free of any ego bruises that might impel him to choose a lesser man than himself for the second car. McLaren is content to let Hulme have the glory of winning. "Bruce, I think, realizes Hulme is faster," says a friend, "but he is quite happy to see one of his team cars win, nearly as happy as if he had won himself. They would never disagree."

There are, however, driving and personality differences between them—nothing to provoke a clash, but interesting nonetheless. McLaren has an engineering background and an engineer's mind and is a superb car tester. Hulme is much more a seat-of-the-pants driver. "When Denny's testing," Mayer says, "all I want is a stopwatch and for him to say yes or no." Both prefer the company of friends, but where McLaren accepts the possibility of becoming a celebrity and the consequences of it, Hulme is uneasy in the company of strangers, as a pair of incidents last month at Edmonton indicated. After that race, in which Hulme and McLaren finished one-two, Hulme sat on the exposed radiator of his car, the red roses on his victory wreath already wilting, and nibbled at some cheese and crackers and sipped beer that Mayer had provided. Tyler Alexander

talked with McLaren about what would have to be done to the cars before the Monterey race, while Chris Charles, a mechanic, was doing his best to finish off a fifth of Jack Daniel's before sundown.

Suddenly an agitated lady burst upon them.

"You're Denis Hulme, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," Hulme said politely.

"You're from New Zealand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"My son-in-law is from New Zealand, Christchurch."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," Hulme said, "I know the place."

"He's married to my daughter. She's a professor. All three of my daughters are professors. And my son-in-law, he's a doctor."

"Yes, ma'am," Hulme said, feeling now the same sort of embarrassment that Dustin Hoffman felt in *The Graduate* just before he perceived what Mrs. Robinson had in mind. "You must be very proud."

McLaren put his head down, barely suppressing a grin.

Finally she left. Hulme stood up and slammed the side of his car. "Lord," he said, "they bend your car. I'm all seized up."

McLaren laughed his Melina Mercouri laugh, packed up his helmet and other racing gear and started driving out of the pits. On the way, he stopped to talk with Lothar Motschenbacher, who had had a nasty crash, and accepted congratulations from Mark Donohue, who had pitted early in the race because leaves had blocked his radiator. Bruce also chatted with Jim Hall—he of the automatic transmission and airfoiled Chaparral—who had challenged Hulme and McLaren for 13 laps before his braking failed. "After 12 laps I knew it was over," Hall said. "I gave thumbs down to my pits and decided to take just one more to see if I was stupid."

Hall had run the race's fastest lap, however. "I told you Hall was quick," McLaren said, to no one in particular. "If he ever gets that thing to hold together, he's going to win one of these races."

Back at McLaren's hotel, an informal victory dinner was in progress. Bruce and Denny joined it. Now another lady came to the table and, recognizing Hulme, asked for his autograph "for my daughter." No adult has ever sought an autograph for himself; it's always for a daughter, or a friend, or a niece or nephew back home who couldn't make it to the race. Hulme looked as if he were going to seize up again, but acquiesced. Then the lady turned to the rest of the table and asked, "Well, now, are there any other race drivers here?"

On the opposite side of the table, McLaren smiled and shook his head no.

Thus the status of the Can-Am king's public fame. He is genuinely content to be a sort of invisible winner—as long as the team does win. Over the past two seasons there have so far been 10 Can-Am races. In 1967 McLaren won two races, Hulme won three, and they split \$165,000 in prize money, over one-third of the entire jackpot. This year Hulme and McLaren finished one-two at Elkhart Lake and Edmonton, led until the last few laps at Bridgehampton and finished second and fifth respectively two weeks ago at Monterey. Hulme's 1968 prize money to date is \$35,100.

continued

McLaren's is an even \$20,000, and in the race for the driving championship Hulme has a seven-point lead over Mark Donohue, with McLaren three points farther back in third place. The champion will collect an additional \$40,000, second place is worth \$26,460 and third \$16,700, not bad for two months' work.

In races where the team cars have been beaten the winners have been cars originally built by McLaren, and this brings us to the second way in which Bruce is gaining prestige—through sales of production versions of last year's successful car. The 1967 Team McLaren racer was designated the M6A. At the end of the season he announced it would go into production as the M6B. Fourteen were built for sale, priced at \$15,000 each and all 14 were sold practically before production started.

Consequently, about half of every Can-Am field this year has consisted of McLaren cars. Donohue has one, Peter Revson has one and Gurney has one, all modified to some extent but still very much McLarens. And the results have been startling. Including, of course, the cars Hulme and McLaren themselves drive, four of the top six finishers at Elkhart Lake were McLarens. At Bridgehampton the figure was four of six, at Edmonton three of three and Monterey six of six. In fact, the only non-McLaren that has been consistently competitive is the Jim Hall Chaparral. Says one M6B driver, "We're still finding out things McLaren knew last year, but the cars are the best available."

All of this stamps McLaren as the preeminent builder of racing sports cars in the world and, as befits a king, his coffers are affluence. His shop, located near

Heathrow, London's international airport—and at the hub of an area where such famous cars as Lola, Lotus, Cooper, Brabham, BRM (British Racing Motors) and this year's Le Mans-winning Ford GT40 have their operations—and other assets make him worth close to \$1 million. That is a fairly decent pile, considering that McLaren is just 31 and that five years ago Team McLaren was only a wild idea bouncing around in the back of his mind.

It is the dream of everyone in racing to drive a car of his own design, but few have gotten to the tracks and fewer have succeeded, the most notable exception being Jack Brabham in his Grand Prix cars. For McLaren the journey began in an unusual way: when he was a small boy he fell off a horse. That happened near his home in Auckland, New Zealand at a time in his life when cars meant nothing to him. As a result of the spill, Bruce contracted a disease which stopped the growth of his left leg for two years. He spent those years on his back in a hospital bed, and when he came out of the hospital he walked with a pronounced limp. More for therapy than anything else, his father, who ran a garage and service station in Auckland, bought him an Austin sports car, and within a few years Bruce had become one of the best sports-car drivers in the country. He also raced through the New Zealand equivalent of high school and three years of collegiate engineering studies.

Then in 1958, when McLaren was 21, the New Zealand International Grand Prix Association began its Driver to Europe program, sending promising young Kiwis to the Continent to refine their tal-

ents in the major leagues of road racing. Bruce was the first to be so honored. Through his father, Bruce had met Brabham, then driving for Britain's Cooper factory team, and Jack helped him get a ride in a Cooper Formula II car. He stayed with Cooper for five years, occasionally winning a Grand Prix, though nearly always driving in the shadow of Brabham. But slowly the pieces of what eventually would be Team McLaren were falling into place.

At Cooper he met Teddy Mayer, who had come to Europe to manage the driving career of his brother Tommy. McLaren was just 26, and he decided the right time had come (and the right people had appeared) to form his own racing team. But Tommy was killed in a racing accident in February 1964, and Teddy went back home to become a Philadelphia lawyer. For two months. Then Teddy returned to London, and he and McLaren revived the dream.

McLaren's keenest interest had always been sports cars, and up to 1967 his biggest successes had come in the hefty, lumbering Ford Mark II and Mark IV endurance cars that he and the late Ken Miles tested before Ford's assaults on Le Mans. McLaren and Chris Amon, still another New Zealander, won the 1966 Le Mans in a Mark II and, with Mario Andretti, Bruce took the Sebring 12 Hours the following spring in a Mark IV. He had also chosen to continue in Grand Prix racing, but his effort there was something less than sensational. After leaving Cooper he first came out with a McLaren chassis powered by a cut-down version of the highly successful Ford Indianapolis engine, but the combination simply did not work. Last year

AT BRIDGEHAMPTON THE SCOOP-NOSED, HIGH-TAILED McLARENS OF BRUCE (4) AND DENNY RACE IN TANDEM TOWARD A TURN



he switched to a BRM engine, and that power plant was too sluggish to make him competitive.

Having no incentive to work the clock around on the lagging Grand Prix car, McLaren devoted himself to the Can-Am racers. Hulme had followed McLaren to England a year later on the same Deaver to Europe scholarship and, like McLaren, had become involved in Ford's Le Mans effort. In the disputed 1966 Le Mans finish, when McLaren drove across the line abreast of a sister Mark II, the man in the second car was Hulme (who was co-driving with Miles). McLaren grabbed Hulme for his No. 2 Can-Am car. To round out the team, late last year McLaren signed on Phil Kerr—a boyhood friend and former manager of the Brabham team—to coordinate Bruce's Grand Prix program. At about the same time Denny let it be known that he would give up his world champion Brabham car and switch to McLaren for the 1968 Grand Prix season.

The McLaren touch now began to cure the ills of the GP cars. After the 1967 BRM debacle, Mayer wheedled London's Cosworth shop, which beefs up English Ford engines for Grand Prix racing and has been eminently successful doing it, into selling McLaren a few. McLaren promptly lucked into victory in the Belgian Grand Prix when Jackie Stewart's Matra ran out of gas at the start of the last lap, and then Hulme won both the Italian and Canadian Grand Prix in the space of 15 days last month. With one race left, in Mexico City on November 3, Hulme trails the leader, Graham Hill, by only six points and has a fair chance of repeating as the champion.

At least in his own world the invisible man had acquired some substance. "The teams don't mind working hard, because they know Bruce works as hard as any of them," Kerr says. "He runs the team, make no mistake about that, but he's not like a little Caesar. He has set very high personal, moral and ethical standards, and I think everybody respects him for it."

Building a racing car is, like politics, the art of the practical, and McLaren never lets the team forget his guiding mottoes. The first is **BE THERE**, which means it is no good to be ready to race at 2:05 if the race starts at 2. The second is **FINISH**, and the third, **BE**

COMPETITIVE. Their order is significant.

"Ferrari [which was supposed to have a 6.2-liter Can-Am car ready a month ago] has probably got the fastest car," says Mayer, "but where is it?"

"When you're building or testing you need answers quickly," McLaren says, "and you don't need a computer to tell you what size nut to use. A good mechanic can do that." Computers and wind tunnels can provide guidelines, but nobody has yet built a device that can measure all the stresses a car's suspension encounters when it hits a bump in the middle of a 120-mph turn anywhere from 50 to 150 times in the space of two hours. A racing car is also a complex bundle of compromises. Beyond a point, if you gain speed reliability suffers, if you make the car stronger inevitably you must add weight and thus lose speed. Considering all the parts in an automobile, the combinations and permutations are endless. Thus radical changes in racing cars in recent years have been few—the great swing from front- to rear-mounted engines, the adoption of monocoque (frameless) chassis, Jim Hall's experiments with an automatic transmission and a wing high above the rear wheels. And the main goal of any racing team has got to be to work within the limits that are imposed by the availability of money (McLaren is bankrolled largely by Good-year), the availability of engines and, finally, the nature of the chassis.

Jim Hall has said many times, "McLaren builds an unremarkable car very remarkably."

McLaren himself says, "I'm not an innovator, although I'm willing to try things now that I might not have considered three years ago, simply because I have more confidence in myself."

If Ferrari ever shows up with its new Can-Am car and Jack Brabham and Colin Chapman build cars of their own, as they are expected to do before very long, the edge the McLarens have undoubtedly will be reduced in 1969. As Teddy Mayer says, "You can't be perfect in racing. It's hard to reach the top, and when you do you're not going to stay there very long."

Wise words, but right now, at least, they are not much consolation to McLaren's competition. Peter Revson spoke for the rest when he said, glumly, "If you're sleeping on the floor you can't fall out of bed, can you?"

END

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A show of their own for a versatile breed

Admirers of the Morgan celebrated their favorite's many qualities with a three-day extravaganza and, aptly enough, a family with a century of experience in handling the horse was one of the major ribbon winners

The Morgan horse—that native breed so close to extinction some 30 years ago—is certainly very much alive and well today, as indicated by the number that turned up recently for the All-Morgan show in Syracuse, N.Y. Begun only nine years ago with 95 horses, the event attracted 370 this year for three days of what seemed like nonstop competition. It was the kind of show that allowed little time for the customary exhibitors' parties—everyone was almost continuously in the ring, sometimes in an English saddle, other times in Western tack or in driving classes and often with the same horse. But, after all, versatility is what Morgans are famous for, and it is why owners like Mrs. Lyman Orcutt Jr. enjoy them so much.

Ruth Orcutt speaks from experience, generations worth. Her mother owned Morgans and her husband's father did, too. Both were directors of The Morgan Horse Club, so their children met at horse shows. "We Dicksons went out thinking we had to beat the Orcutts," Ruth said. Later she joined them when she married Lyman. Now their children show Morgans, as do her sister, Mrs. Roger Eli, her niece, Mrs. Barry Casse, and Lyman's cousin, Dr. Robert Orcutt, a veterinarian. All were in Syracuse carrying on the families' Morgan tradition.

"We've been breeding Morgans for five generations," said Ruth. "Once my husband mentioned being in the business for 100 years, and someone said, 'But you don't look that old!'"

At the Orcutt Farms in West Newbury, Mass., they run 45 or 50 horses, but several years ago, with visiting mares, the head count reached 95. Although the Orcutts are out at shows almost every weekend between April and the end of October, Ruth also manages to run a summer riding camp at home. The horses they show are often used for trail

riding, and every once in a while, for old times sake, Ruth rides in the annual Vermont 100-mile event sponsored by the Green Mountain Horse Association. She and her mother participated in the first one 32 years ago.

At the shows, they naturally take a breeder's interest in the results. The first three winners in Syracuse, at the International Park Morgan Saddle Championship, were grandchildren of the Orcutts' sire Ulendon, who died two years ago at the age of 33. His last foal, now a 3-year-old mare named Helen of Troy, was the winner of the open pleasure-driving class and was driven by 19-year-old Louise Orcutt.

Ironically, one of the most famous of the Orcutt and horses is not of their own breeding. It is a gift horse named Johnny Appleseed. The Orcutts were given the stallion because he had the heaves and, since his bloodlines are totally undistinguished, they had him gelded. He became Louise's "playtoy" at home, and she taught him to do everything but pull a stone boat. Last year at the Morgan National Horse Show in Northampton, Mass.—the largest event for the breed—Johnny Appleseed set a record by winning more blue ribbons than had ever before been won at that show, a grand total of eight.

If the Orcutt family, relations and connections had a busy time, so did Fred and Jeanne Herrick. With eight of the Voorhis Farm Morgans they collected 10 blues, eight championships and four reserves. Like the Orcutts, Fred and Jeanne were brought together by a common interest in Morgans. Fred, a University of New Hampshire graduate, was initiated when he taught riding at a resort. He specialized and soon got a job with a Morgan stable. Jeanne, also from New Hampshire, had owned a few horses since she was 10. She started painting horses after graduation from the

Rhode Island School of Design and was commissioned to do some Morgan portraits at the stable where Fred trained. They had never met, but were soon married and 13 years ago moved to Gordon Voorhis' Farm in Red Hook, N.Y. Voorhis, who started with six Morgans, now has over 60, and this has been the farm's most successful year. "The horses we're showing now are all home-grown," said Jeanne. "After all that work and worry it makes you feel like you must be doing something right."

One unfortunate incident marred an otherwise interesting show. According to the rules, a horse is not allowed to wear a shoe weighing more than 18 ounces in performance classes. It is a rather silly regulation, because the only time it is enforced is when a horse throws a shoe and it can be weighed. This happened in the very last class when, in fact, two horses cast shoes—Mr. and Mrs. Charles White's Westwold Dona Resa, with Dr. Robert Orcutt in the saddle, and A-Okay of Stonecroft Farm, ridden by John Lydon. Out came the scales, and Westwold Dona Resa was disqualified. Then A-Okay's shoe was tossed onto the scale and found to be two ounces over also. There were howls of anguish as A-Okay's trainer insisted that the shoe weighed in at the legal limit before it was put on the horse back home. He claimed, justifiably, that the pad could have picked up enough moisture to add the extra weight. In addition, as every weight-watcher knows, scales vary. But A-Okay, last year's high point winner, was shown the gate.

Since both these horses had been blue-ribbon winners, it meant not just disqualification from one class, but from the entire show, and representatives of management faced the task of collecting all the ribbons and money and redistributing the prizes. They may still be at it.

END

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BOXING / Pat Putnam

If you beat the policeman you get Ellis

That's Angelo Dundee's offer as he grooms his new fighter, who is not a cop, really, but was a bouncer, and has lost only once

FOR Al Jones the choice of employment wasn't all that inspiring. To be sure, there were cabbages and beans and peas to be picked. But he had done that and he hated it. Then there was the man who offered him a job in a used-car lot, not as a salesman but as a sponge-and-suds jockey, and who wants to spend a lifetime scrubbing grime from one-owner cars? "You gotta sweep out the office, too," said the man. "O.K.," said Jones, sighing, "give me a dollar an hour and I'm yours." The man came up a nickel to 80¢ an hour. "Stack your broom in your ear," said Jones, not unkindly.

"I was just out of the Army and I had nothing going for me but this big body [6' 5" and 230 pounds] and 20 years of fighting. Just a high school dropout with muscles and meanness, and, when somebody offered me a job bouncing drunks out of a bar, I said sure, what have I got to lose. That's when, man, I *really* got to fighting. I mean those were drunk people. Full-grown men and every night you had to fight them because they need violence the way other people need food."

"Tell him about the guy you worked with, that other bouncer who got killed," said Pappy Alexander, busily sweeping the kitchen of the duplex he shares with Angelo Dundee's once-beaten heavy-

weight (Jones lost his very first fight, on June 11, 1964, before Dundee began handling him, and is now 25-1-1).

"I'm getting to that," said Jones. He settled back on a gold couch, eyes closed, remembering. With one finger he followed a range of tough scar ridges around his eyes. "These are my battle scars. I'm lucky I still got a head to wear them on. Every night in that bar was a war; always some drunken bean-picker running out the door to get his gun. Howard, the other bouncer, wasn't so lucky. One of those drunks got a gun and blew his face off."

"A bad thing," Pappy said solemnly.

The small concrete-block duplex is in Goulds, a sprawling, unscrubbed farming community, mostly Negro, squatting in the hot dust alongside of Highway U.S. 1, half an hour's drive south of Miami. Like the paint on the houses, hope fades quickly here. "Don't tell me about any ghettos," said Jones. "This has got to be doubly bad, or at least it was when I was growing up. These people aren't like people, you know what I mean? They are farm laborers and that's nothing. You can tell these people anything, that their eyes are black, that they are colored, that their hair is kinky, and if they're not in the mood to hear that, you got to fight them. It was that way,

man. These people have lost themselves; there is no way to reclaim them."

Outside, a brief breeze began scuffling up the dust. A puff of coolness came in through the open front door. A dozen flies followed. "You have got just two choices here," said Jones. "Sweat or bugs. It's a great way to live. You know, for most people it's just an existence, a mere existence. You live from day to day, until, you know, sometimes with people things change. For the worse sometimes, sometimes for the better. Me, I found a way out. I reclaimed myself. I went into the ring and found what life really is. Regardless if I make it as a fighter or not, I learned how to live like a human being."

"I told you he was a nut," Pappy said, softly. "He thinks climbing into a ring gives him better than what he's got. Now who would believe that?"

"Teddy, this is Angelo Dundee. How about getting me a fight with Buster Mathis?"

"Are you serious?" said Teddy Brenner, almost dropping his phone in the Garden boxing office. "You really will fight Mathis?"

"Certainly," said Dundee. "My kid will take any date, just give us a couple

of weeks notice. We'll even take short money."

"Angelo, are you drunk? Jimmy Ellis will fight Buster Mathis for short money? What the hell are you talking about, an exhibition?"

Angelo Dundee had to laugh. "Get serious. I'm not talking about Ellis; I'm talking about Al Jones. You know the rules: anybody wants to fight Ellis has got to fight my policeman first. Whaddaya say?"

"No problem," Brenner purred. "No problem at all. Just send two contracts. One for Jones and Mathis and one for Ellis and Mathis in case Buster beats your policeman. Is that what you had in mind?"

"Goodby," said Angelo Dundee.

Three weeks after quitting as a bouncer, Jones went into the Auditorium at Miami Beach and decimated Lee Andrews in four rounds, his first fight for Dundee. Since then he has won 23 more, 15 of them by knockouts, and has fought a 10-round draw with Zora Folkey. All of his fights have been in south Florida, the majority of them for Chris Dundee, Angelo's older brother, who is the promoter in Miami Beach. Most of the people he has fought have names like Joe Lewis White and Jefferson Davis and Roosevelt Eddie, but he becomes annoyed if you suggest that they passed their prefight physicals only because the doctors neglected to check to see if they were alive.

"Look," he says. "Call me a bum. Call me anything you want. But don't say anything about the guys I fought. Just for climbing in a ring they deserve better than that. Even a bum doesn't like to be called a bum."

"Ernie, this is Angelo Dundee. How would you like to have a shot at Jimmy Ellis?"

"How about tonight?" said Ernie Terrell.

"Well, not quite that soon," said Dundee. "First you got to fight my policeman: Al Jones. That's the rule. Whaddaya say?"

"Sounds O.K. to me," said Terrell. "Just give me two pieces of paper with your name on them. One for Jones and one for Ellis and we can do business."

"Ernie, Ernie, what is it with you guys?"

Two contracts. Nobody signs two at a time. Fight Jones, beat him, and then we'll talk about Ellis."

"Goodby," said Ernie Terrell.

"Nobody wants to fight a giant southpaw," Dundee moans. "How you going to move a kid when you can't get anybody in the ring with him? So I figure we'll make him into a rightlander. Then maybe we can do something."

For his last fight, against Jim Howard—an Miami Beach, of course—Jones was a rightlander. For 30 seconds. For just long enough to have Howard throw one punch and knock him down. It was the first time Jones had ever been off his feet.

"It felt so good," Jones said later, "I almost asked Howard to do it again."

At the time, however, Jones looked up at Dundee and screamed, "Take all the rightlanders and stick them in your ear." He got up a southpaw, assaulted Howard for five rounds, stopped him in the sixth.

"Floyd, this is Angelo Dundee."

"Goodby," said Floyd Patterson, who had heard.

"If this kid would just get serious," says Chris Dundee, who gives Jones \$100 a week plus 25% of each gate in order to secure his services, "he could be a real good one. But all he wants to do is fool around, chase girls, talk. That's all he does in the gym, talk. And all he does outside is spend my money. We pay the rent on his car, and in the last two years he's come in with bills for 44 sets of new tires. What does he do with tires, eat them?"

"He's just 24," said Angelo, sighing.

"Press the right button and Jones will be ready for anybody. I'm still looking for the right button."

"Look at Al," says Pappy Alexander. "He's a monster. Every time he walks into the ring he's supposed to kill somebody. If he doesn't, people say he's dogging it. What do they want from him?"

Al Jones knows, and in his own way he feels he is giving it to the Dundees and to the fans.

"They say I do nothing but run around with girls," he says. "I don't argue. Like just the other day. A neighbor woman

asked me to drive her to Miami. I said sure, but she'd have to come with me to the gym while I trained. She said she would. When we got there you could see the guys looking and grinning. 'Al's got another girl.' I didn't say nothing. If they want to believe that, let them. I know what Al Jones is doing, and I know—if I goof up—what I've got to go back to. I quit school, and it was the dumbest, stupidest thing I could have done, but that don't make me stupid. I'm not going back to that jungle, not for just a few laughs."

Except when he is training or fighting. Al Jones shuns the magic of Miami Beach. Big cities—and people—scare him. He is a familiar figure at Goulds but mostly he travels alone. When you are alone, no one can hurt you. When night falls, he goes home, turns on all the lights in the house. And they stay on until the sun returns.

"I've been afraid of things ever since I can remember," he says. "The dark, strangers, crowds. Counting my doctors and things, I've got maybe just 15 people I associate with. I mean I don't associate with anybody else, period. When people say something, it gotta be something to hurt your feelings, you know. I don't dig people, see. I stay away from them. I guess I'm just sensitive. They may make jokes about me, but I don't care—as long as I don't hear them. You know, when I go out I don't tell people who I am, that I'm a fighter. Lots of people look at me and think I'm a football player. I say, 'That's right.' If people don't know you, they can't hurt you."

It is evident, now, that if Jones is to grow as a fighter—had you heard of him before?—he must leave Miami Beach, leave the familiar walls of "house decisions," leave the concrete hideaway in Goulds where the lights burn all night.

"I'm ready," he says grimly. "I've been telling the Dundees that for a year. I'll go anywhere and fight anybody. I'm ready for top money just like I'm ready for top fighters. I've had enough fighting in my lifetime, more than most champions. Now I want some money. I let Chris know where I'm at. He's a bright man. I told him to make the right appointments for the right money. Even if I have to fight Sonny Liston."

"Hello, this is Angelo Dundee. Is Sonny around?"

END

A whoosh as good as a wish

Smaller and more powerful than other marine engines, Thunderbird's water jet has one disability: its price is a bit more than \$40,000

As a weekend pleasure boatman, what would you say to an engine that ran more economically at high speeds than at low, that developed more horsepower than your current power plant but weighed far less and was far smaller, that burned cheap oil instead of expensive gas, and that made fallible appendages like rudders, drive shafts and propellers unnecessary? The obvious answer is: don't ask foolish questions.

As a matter of fact, however, the question is not so foolish, for a Utopian power plant meeting all those requirements and designed for the amateur boatman actually exists. For some time now the citizens of Miami, many of whom must have thought a drunk was loose

on Biscayne Bay in a shiny 32-foot power cruiser, have been witnessing its trials.

Whoosh! First it would start, then stop; back then fill, aimlessly turning this way and that as if its befuddled driver couldn't find the right control. On occasion it would swing out of Government Cut and head for the rippling Gulf Stream beyond Miami Beach, where its drunken maneuvering would continue in ever-tightening figure eights. Frequently, like some airborne Keystone Cop, an agitated helicopter could be seen chasing the demented craft. But the helicopter's bubble was filled with staid engineers from Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, the company that built the engine that

drove the boat in those seemingly crazy circles.

The boat itself, *Formula 322*, built by Thunderbird Products Corp., bears the distinctive stamp of Race Driver-Designer Jim Wynne. In her cockpit is the customary steering wheel, dashboard, seats and cabin companionway, but instead of the bulky, raised engine boxes which usually cram fast powerboats, there is delightful emptiness. The uninformed passenger might suppose the new boat was powered by nothing but wishes.

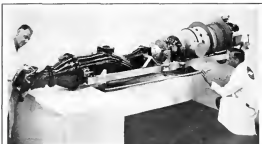
Bolted neatly beneath her cockpit deck, however, there lies a comparatively tiny but power-packed turbine and water-jet propulsion system which—to boatmen accustomed to clanging pistons, erratic fuel and ignition hookups, dragging rudders and vulnerable propellers—is as good as any wish.

The engine itself is nothing new. It is the marine version of a United Aircraft turbine that has powered everything from buses, trucks, trains and helicopters to the racing cars Andy Granatelli entered in the Indianapolis 500. Called a free turbine, it is a distant cousin to the JT4 engines which propel commercial jets and bombers. Unlike diesel and gasoline piston engines, whose thrust for fuel increases with power and whose lives get shorter the longer they run at full bore, free turbines grow more economical and durable the harder they're pushed. In boats—where engines frequently run for long periods at full throttle—the advantages are obvious. Furthermore, so reliable are turbines that airlines have found they need tear down such engines only every 12,000 hours or so instead of the every 4,000 hours demanded by piston engines. Indeed, the airplanes themselves are likely to wear out before their engines.

But the turbine power plant alone is not what makes the Thunderbird's boat such a potential dream-come-true; it is the combination of the turbine engine with a Pratt & Whitney water-jet propulsion system. The men aboard New York City's fireboats have long known that when you stand on deck and aim a high-pressure hose at a fire on shore, your boat tends to move back away from the blaze. The fireman's hose is nothing more than a water-jet propulsion unit, and the pump that pushes the water through it could be powered by a turbine.

In Thunderbird's new *Formula 322*,

continued



JOINED IN TANDEM United Aircraft's turbine and Pratt & Whitney's water jet (above)

fit neatly beneath the cockpit deck, taking up far less room than a conventional gas engine.

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the turbine drives an efficient, compact rotary pump that spins at 2,100 rpm to suck up sea water from beneath the boat and spew it out of a nozzle at the stern with sufficient force to drive the 32-foot boat at more than 40 mph.

"We were worried at first that the thing would wash down other boats or docks that got in the way," says Wynne, "but we soon found we could aim the jet down far enough so as not to bother anyone."

To steer the boat, the driver aims the nozzle right or left and to reverse he lowers a metal deflector flap that shoots the stream forward underneath the hull, thus pushing the boat backward.

"A lot of engineering went into this boat," says Wynne, who designed the first successful turbine-powered ocean racer. "You don't just put a thing like that in there." The water-jet pump alone took Pratt & Whitney engineers three years to sort out, and when they mounted the first one in *Formula 322* they weren't at all sure their tests in the lab at West Palm Beach had given them all the answers.

Says Project Engineer Carl Comolli, "We were afraid at the time we installed it in the boat that when the driver socked full power to it, the pump might cavitate [*i.e.*, just open up a big air bubble] and not give thrust right away." It was also feared that the pump would stall or become powerless in high-speed turns. Worse, with the boat running in reverse, engineers were afraid the jet squirting back under the boat would cause turbulence in the water intake, starve the pump of water and thereby rob the boat of power.

Happily, however, all these fears were unrealized, and almost from the beginning pump and turbine ran smoothly, potently and with few hitches.

But the designers still worried that garbage, driftwood and other water-borne debris might be sucked into the pump to gum up the works. To find out they deliberately fed the pump a diet of hardwood plugs. It quickly swallowed the mess, apparently with considerable relish. Again, to satisfy the engineers that the pump wouldn't fly apart should the boat run aground, another experiment was performed in the lab. "We put tons of sand in it to see what would happen," cheerfully explains Dr. R. A. Schmidtke, P. & W.'s chief of research. "But instead of ruing the pump, the

sand simply polished up its stainless-steel rotor."

Later, on the water, the pump sucked up a length of nylon rope. On a propeller-driven boat such an accident would have meant sending a diver overboard to cut it free. But not on *Formula 322*. Within the safe, dry confines of her spacious cockpit a crewman merely opened up an inspection plate, reached inside the pump and unwound the tightly turned coils of nylon.

So why don't all boatmen promptly scrap their diesels and their stern drives and buy a turbine-powered water jet? Well, for one thing, it will cost them around \$40,000 for the turbine alone—a sizable price even for a wealthy yachtsman. "To the man who can afford the initial price and who can prorate the cost of a turbine over several years," says one Pratt & Whitney technician, "a turbine makes sense. But anyone who thinks they're just around the corner for the average boat owner is fooling himself."

Jim Wynne and Thunderbird President Dick Genth do not agree with this pessimistic appraisal. Says Genth, "Wait until they get this Vietnam thing straightened out and military contracts begin shrinking; then turbine builders will have to start thinking about the civilian market. Also, there'll be surplus helicopter and airplane turbines around. Besides, you've got to remember this engine's not that expensive. In ocean racing after nearly every race you've got to pull piston engines. You're talking about eight to 10 engines a season, and at \$4,000 to \$5,000 each, that adds up. For all intents and purposes, the cost of turbines is the same." Indeed, Wynne believes turbines will one day sell for less than diesels. Other Thunderbird engineers are even more optimistic, guessing they'll go for little more than gasoline engines.

The price still makes the turbine-powered runabout the boat of the future rather than the present, but Wynne believes that turbines now make possible—for those who can afford them—big yet extremely fast power yachts. "We simply couldn't do this with any other kind of engine because they'd fill up the boat, leaving no room for cabins, galley or any comfort," he says. "Fifty-footers used to do 20 knots at a pinch. With turbines we can move up the ladder to 35 or 40, yet not give up anything in the way of accommodations." **END**

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LIFE IN A JOCK HOUSE

The author, a journalistic interloper wearing a buckle in the back, was a quiet member of the raucous USC fraternity that was packed with everybody's All-Americans

BY JOE JARES





On almost every college campus—whether far above Cayuga's waters or, as in the case of the University of Southern California, under a smog bank in downtown Los Angeles—there is at least one club, dormitory or fraternity loaded to the attic with athletes. The Bear Bryant Hilton at Alabama; Cannon Club at Princeton; Phi Delt at Penn State. Some point it out to visitors as a shrine ("And over there, that's where O. J. Harratty lives"). Others sneer at it as "the place where we keep the animals." But everywhere, admired or maligned, this institution is always known as The Jock House.

However many genuine, ex-, would-be or pseudo athletes there are, a few nonjocks are invariably allowed to join, too. After all, *somebody* has to organize the winter formal.

So it happened in the late 1950s that I was a member of

one of the nation's most musclebound fraternities, the Kappa Alpha chapter at USC. KA had Jon Arnett, an All-America halfback and broad jumper; Al Geiberger, the Trojans' first All-America golfer; Marlan and Mike McKeever, twin All-America linemen and shotputters; Chuck Buttick, American record holder in the backstroke; and Ernie Zampese, whose 38-yard touchdown run clinched the 1956 victory over Notre Dame. Plus lots of others. There were schools that would have traded their entire athletic departments just for the jocks in our house.

KA, like most of the other fraternities, was located a little north of the campus on West 28th St. It was a stretch of two long blocks, lined by palm trees and named, in a fit of originality, Fraternity Row. Ours was a new building, but most of the houses were the tottering remains of

continued

old mansions, unloaded by the original wealthy owners when the neighborhood started to crumble. Next door to us, in probably the worst dump on the whole block, were the Alpha Rho Chis, who were all architecture majors.

There were sororities, too, on the Row, mixed in haphazardly among the fraternities, and just crammed full of good-looking coeds with Pasadena-San Marino debutante backgrounds and rich daddies. It was a very convenient place for an athlete to meet an heiress at least and maybe even marry one—like Ron Miller, a football player on the 1951-1953 team, who wed Walt Disney's daughter, Diane. At Disney's death a tally showed the Millers owned 43,977 shares of Walt Disney Productions. Diane was a Theta, where traditionally the most glamorous and probably the richest girls pledged.

Then we were all young and snappy. What a feeling it was to just walk back from morning classes to lunch on the Row, dressed in the Joe College uniform of the day: polished-cotton khaki pants with a buckle in the back, vertical-striped Ivy League sports shirt and loafers. Or, for variety, Bermuda shorts with low-cut tennies and sweat socks. Or if you were really cool, a tattered maroon PROPERTY OF USC ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT sweat shirt, much preferred over lettermen's sweaters. If you weren't a jock and wanted to live dangerously, you could maybe sneak a property shirt from the bottom drawer of our 6' 3", 231-pound tackle, George Belotti, who in turn had swiped it from the equipment cage in the gym.

We would swagger up the Row and ogle the phalanxes of tender sorority girls pedaling by on their bikes, holding onto the handlebars with one hand and trying to keep their skirts down with the other. Then we must arrive at the big modernistic facade with the bronze Greek letters KA in one corner and turn in *there*, the house of Charley Paddock, the fastest man alive of the 1920s, and Olympic sprinter Frank Wykoff of the '30s and the hulking Pucci brothers, one of whom went on to fame and glory as Frank Sinatra's bodyguard.

Not that everything or everyone was glorious. There were 50 or 60 guys living in the house with only one subscription to the *Los Angeles Times*. Talk about hardship! I remember that if I decided to skip my 8 o'clock class and sleep in, by the time I got downstairs for breakfast there would be at least five of the brothers huddled over the sports section, studying it intently as if—by amazing luck—they had got hold of an advance copy of the final exam in Business Ethics. By the time a late riser got it, there were maple-syrup stains on the pictures and dried egg yolk on the baseball standings.

Also there was the danger of getting an inferiority complex. On one wall of our chapter room we had a gallery of varsity letter-winners, everything from an Olympic high jumper to a third-string fullback, going back to the days when USC was a lonely outpost in the middle of the mus-

tard fields. Student-body presidents and Phi Beta Kappas passed on and were forgotten, but if a 98-pound wrangling earned a letter holding extra points, up on the wall went his photograph, enshrined for posterity.

We had in the house a short pudgy Irishman named Harrigan who dreamed of being on that wall. He was nominally on the water polo team, and he probably was a fair swimmer, but compared to most of his teammates he couldn't swim his way out of the bathtub. He was also losing his reddish-blond hair and had a secret potion to rub into his scalp two or three times a day. There was a daily conspiracy to discover where he had the bottle hidden and switch liquids. No telling how much vodka, sea water, vinegar and gin Harrigan applied in an attempt to stave off baldness.

Letterless in two years of trying, he decided not to go out as a senior and instead use those sunny afternoons to good advantage, hustling pretty Pi Phi or hoisting beers at Stubby's Trojan Barrel. But the rest of the team wouldn't hear of it. He was amiable company and comic relief from the drudgery of practice. If no ball was available they could always throw Harrigan into the net. So they convinced him that he should join the team again. It is doubtful if he got even his toes wet in more than two matches, but at the end of the season Coach Kohlase, who just happened to be a KA alumnus, gave him a letter, a reward for three years of swallowing chlorine.

The next morning Harrigan quietly installed a photograph of himself, smiling radiantly, on the wall of fame. I suppose it is still there, a few feet along the top row from Charley Paddock.

Very little else could be guaranteed to remain where you left it. For instance, there was the time two roommates came home from the library late at night to find their quarters stripped bare, right down to the carpet tacks and Kingston Trio record albums. After a long search they found their furniture, neatly and accurately arranged on the roof. Another brother made the mistake of leaving his broken-down jalopy under the back stairs. Somebody dropped a 16-pound shot on it from the top of the stairs and it made such a satisfying loud *clunk* that everybody else had to have a go at it, completely wrecking the car.

Since the house was never locked, there was trouble from outsiders, too. When there was a Saturday afternoon football game over at the Coliseum the entire Row was deserted, a ghost street. One Saturday a group of our guys came back from the stadium early and found two strangers casually loading our living-room and dining-room furniture into a van. The thieves were summarily thrashed and turned over to the police. We had a Ping-Pong table in the chapter room that was stolen on a weekend, although a few of us suspected it was an inside job and that it had been taken out and burned by some of our own who objected to the noisy 2 a.m. challenge matches.

continued

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The most prized booty ever brought into the house—and a souvenir that none of us would have dared destroy—was obtained by a valued brother named The Baron (the nickname has been changed to protect the guilty). The item was the spoils of a panty raid, one of many such forays that The Baron led down the Row. It was a brassiere, which, of course, was the champion souvenir of any raid.

This, however, was not just a brassiere, but one of such generous proportions that it left very little (though, at the same time, quite a lot) to the imagination. The Baron mused for a while, and then decided that it would only be honorable to stage a Cinderella contest to uncover the rightful owner. Sadly, the sorority involved would not cooperate in the proposed venture.

The Baron could be counted on to provide some kind of entertainment most of the time. He was a second-string football player and, until he gave up baseball to concentrate on playing the horses, The Baron had been a fairly good prospect in that sport, too. He was an outfielder and he could hit, run, throw, do anything—except stay in training. Each time he tossed the ball back to the infield it would have nicotine stains on it.

Was there a Thank-God-It's-Friday beer bust nearby? The Baron would be there, paper cup in hand. A tubful of rum punch at a luau? The Baron would sit in it. The Baron had amazing recuperative powers, though. No matter how many beers or Singapore slings he consumed or what hour he got in, he would wrap up in his blanket (he never heard of sheets), fall onto his bare mattress, catch a few winks and be up before everyone else. Quite often a group of us would be hurrying over to school for 8 o'clock classes and would see him coming the other way from the drugstore with a Coke and the *Daily Racing Form*.

At lunch he would plunge his hand into the dining-room aquarium, pull out our pet goldfish and march indignantly up to the pledge responsible for its care. Shaking the poor fish under the pledge's nose, he would launch into a long and complex lecture on its anatomy, feeding, mating habits, etc.

Nights at the KA house were seldom dull. My roommate and I used to try to study at the big table in the chapter room, with all those lettermen beaming down at us from the wall, and only once in a while would the conditions be favorable for trying to memorize who said what to whom in the third act of *King Richard II*. Certainly this did not come easy when Harry Rothschild had all his tools out trying to figure a way to beat the pay telephone. Or when a group was loosening all the screws in George Barfa's metal bed so that when he got home late from parking cars at the Beverly Hilton the whole thing would collapse the second he jumped in. Or when somebody was trying to organize a *taquito* run to Olvera Street.

A *taquito* is a sliver of beef wrapped in a *tortilla*, fried and dipped in an avocado-chili sauce. Two for a quarter

plus whatever your favorite heartburn remedy costs. We knew about "Burn, baby, burn!" years before the Watts riots.

Two of the biggest KA gluttons were a couple of junior varsity football players named Fischel and Brenner, and one warm California night they skipped dinner at the house and staged a *taquito*-eating contest. They started like sprinters, putting away eight apiece with no trouble at all, then they relaxed slightly on their stools and settled into a steady routine of chewing, swallowing and putting out the flames with Pepsi-Cola. Fischel slowed up noticeably at 15 and by the time they reached the 20 plateau he was a bit pale. At 22 he vowed to have Mexico banned from the United Nations and after 23 he gave up and threw in the napkin.

Brenner not only consumed his 24th and 25th *taquitos* but, as the *coup de grâce*, he finished up by drinking an entire cup of sauce! His eyeballs were chili-pepper green the next morning, but he lived. Never did make varsity, though.

There was always some sort of contest going on. A pledge named John McLane, a varsity outfielder who later played minor league ball, once bragged to Al Geiberger that he had shot an 81 on his first round of golf. Despite McLane's proved prowess as a javelin thrower, high school quarterback and baseball whiz, Al didn't believe him and the ensuing discussion led to a putting contest on the living-room rug with a water glass serving as the cup. McLane won, but Al—now one of the leading money winners on the pro golf tour—still didn't believe him, so they went out to a driving range. McLane hit a nine-iron shot 175 yards. Al believed.

Geiberger was so skinny, 6' 2½" and less than 160 pounds, that he was nicknamed The Human One-Iron. Practically everybody in the house had a nickname—Mandrake, The Count, The Great White Whale, Tweetybird—and Geiberger didn't resent his at all. He was the most shy, gentle, amiable guy who ever ambled around 18 holes. It was a wonder to me that Geiberger ever made it through Hell Week, the last and worst ordeal of pledging, a nasty five or six days and nights of having to eat onions like apples and undergoing 3 a.m. exercise sessions conducted by USC's most muscular man, Varsity Fullback Gordon Duval. Today Al has peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to bolster him during a long round; then he had to keep going on onion power. But he made it. And while he was the ace of the USC golf team he won 34 out of 36 matches.

Other jocks didn't pay too much attention to the golfing contingent until they got to be seniors, when they realized they would probably soon have to give up their collegiate sports. Al taught 20 or 30 of his fraternity brothers to play the game, including the McKeever twins.

Several years later, in 1966, when Al won his first major tournament, the PGA at Akron, he went on television

continued



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right after his victory, and declared: "I won this one for my good friend, Mike McKeever. I wish he could have been here to see it."

Mike was in a coma then from an automobile accident, and later he died.

At SC, where they were both All-Americans, the McKeever twins were usually together. After graduation they even had a double-wedding ceremony. I always thought that the McKeever twins were actually fraternal twins rather than identical, but it really didn't matter because only their very closest friends could tell who was who. They even had nearly identical scars on their chins, so the easy way out was to call them both McKeever and forget the first names. When Mike started dating a pretty blonde Kappa, Judy Pramrose, later to be Homecoming Queen and still later to be his wife, she was puzzled at his behavior. She passed him on campus several times and he ignored her, so she resolved not to go out with him again. Of course, it was Marlin who was ignoring her, not poor Mike.

The twins were intensely competitive, even against each other, but when either was threatened by anything, they stood together, tough, defiant and unyielding. I remember joining with a friend to challenge them in a bar shuffleboard game at the Trojan Barred. Even in such an insignificant thing as that they ceased all friendly kidding and went at the game with a glint of fierce combat in their eyes. We did not win a game against them, in fact, we didn't even come close. And they did not smile when we paid off.

Having twin Irish linemen, who enrolled only after a rugged recruiting battle with Notre Dame and other football powers, was a publicity bonanza for USC. Marlin was an end and Mike a guard, so the coach gave them almost matching numbers, 86 and 88. Photographers, columnists and sports cartoonists couldn't get enough of them. They got bit parts in movies. They earned good grades in finance and talked of opening a brokerage, McKeever & McKeever, someday. But they didn't get extensive press coverage and make All-America teams just because they were twins. They were good.

Mike was a bit faster and got slightly better grades. On the field he ranked higher in the defensive statistics (tackles, assisted tackles, etc.), but that was probably because he was in the center of the action while Marlin was out at end, where the other team could more easily avoid him. As juniors they were named Associated Press co-linemen of the week for their play against Baylor. A lot of people thought they were surely the best twin football players ever and maybe the best twin athletes ever.

Although I think they were about equal in ability, Mike certainly managed to be more controversial. He was thrown out of the 1959 Stanford game for unnecessary roughness, which didn't cause much uproar, but after the Cal game at Berkeley the Cal coach accused him of elbowing and



He ate 25 hot *taquitos* and his eyeballs turned chili-pepper green.

piling on Halfback Steve Bates, who suffered a crushed cheekbone, loosened teeth and a broken nose. The ensuing imbroglio was about the most bitter in the long history of San Francisco-L.A. sports ruckuses. Mike denied any premeditated mayhem and his coach backed him up, but USC's president viewed the game films and issued an apology to Cal. Mike got quite a going-over in the press, especially in the Bay Area papers.

In the KA house, of course, he was considered completely innocent. In fact, to this day there are fraternity brothers of mine who won't subscribe to certain national magazines because they think those publications were unfair to Mike. Support went beyond the membership, too. The cook's husband came to pick her up one day looking as if he had run into a locomotive head on. He'd been in a barroom brawl the night before, defending the good name of Mike McKeever.

There were some distinct practical advantages to having plenty of jocks around the house, apart from the value they had in attracting attention and new members and girls. When a UCLA fraternity swapped our charter, the McKeever twins and some other players went across town to retrieve it. They met no opposition. When some idiot was throwing tomatoes at the house, making nice big red splats on the clean white facade, big George Belotti, who was later a center for the Houston Oilers, caught him and dumped the whole crate of tomatoes over his head.

The jocks also helped us to excel in interfraternity com-

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J H OCK HOUSE

petition. They were not allowed to compete against "amateurs" in their specialties, but most of them were terrific in at least one other sport. Arnett won the Row golf tournament Sam Tsagallakis, a fine placekicker, was good in handball. Fullback Gordy Duvall annually won the interfraternity 100-yard dash and shoptut.

Of course, USC was too big a place with too many intercollegiate teams for us to have a corner on the jock market. The great Olympic shotputter Parry O'Brien had been a Phi Psi. The legend was that he was such a fanatic about his specialty that he would get up in the middle of the night and practice by moonlight out in the alley behind the house. A fellow I knew inherited O'Brien's room and there was a neat round hole in one wall where Parry had tossed a shot right through it. Apparently there had been no moon that night.

The Sigma Chi not only had the most beautiful fraternity song, *The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi*, but also the claim that their chapter alone had had more All-Americans (Morley Drury, Jesse Hibbs and so on) than UCLA. We replied, as if it were a vital matter, that they were living in the past and now merely had the front-line animals while KAs were making the long, thrilling TD runs, e.g., Gordy Duvall's 77-yard sprint against Washington and Ernie Merk's 93-yard punt return against Minnesota. And innumerable broken-field classes by Jon Arnett.

Among the multitude of all-world jocks on campus, Arnett was king. First, of course, he had that streamlined, vaguely French movie-star name that just could not belong to any anonymous left tackle. A guy named Jon Arnett had to be a glamorous runner, and he was. He was built low to the ground and could hold the road beautifully while turning corners at top speed, like a sports car. So, naturally he was nicknamed Jaguar Jon, or just Jaguar to the brothers. He had been a good high school tumbler, so if a tackler hit him and didn't grab hold instantly, Jon would do a nifty backflip with a half-twist, land on his feet

continued

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JOCK HOUSE continued

like the other kind of jaguar and zip into the end zone. He made so many dazzling runs in one game and scored so often that a brand-new father watching on television vowed, "If he scores one more time, I'm going to name my son after him." Sure enough Jaguar scored again, and thus became the namesake of Jon Arnett Nakamura.

In 1965 Mike Garrett became the first Trojan to win the Heisman Trophy and he certainly deserved it. But Jaguar should have won it almost a decade before. He did not because several Pacific Coast Conference schools were caught making illegal payments to their prize recruits, and the athletes got punished along with the institutions. Arnett, with many others, was restricted to five games in his last season. He chose to play the first through the fifth games, and in that period led the nation with a 125-yards-per-game rushing average, completed eight of 11 passes, kicked seven extra points and playing in an era of one-platoon football, also led the team in making tackles.

Whatever USC was paying out under the table, it couldn't have been too much. Jaguar drove around in a rundown '49 Chevy that didn't even match my ugly green '54 Nash. He had to borrow the \$400 to pay for the car and it was in the shop half the time. The only way he and Halfback Ernie Zampese could pay their debts was to win at the almost nightly poker or bridge games or take bets out to Santa Anita racetrack and then not place them, gambling that the horses would lose.

In his senior year every pro football team was in touch with Arnett, the *Heist-ah-Express* ran his ghost-written life story, he was managing the golf team, and thus getting to play L.A.'s best courses for free, and the telephone at the KA house rang every other minute for Jon. The bulletin board by the phone seemed to be his private message center: "Jaguar, call the Packers!" or "Jaguar, call the Eagles collect whatever time you get in—urgent!" Eventually someone put up a sign by the phone: "Arnett, call everybody!"

The Rams made him their No. 1 draft choice and gave him a big bonus, so naturally one of the first things he did was to get himself a reliable set of wheels. Dressed in Levi's, faded sports shirt and loafers, he went out to a well-appointed Oldsmobile dealership on Wilshire Boulevard in the high-rent district. The salesman ignored him for a long time, taking care of all the other customers first. When the man finally deigned to speak to him, Jon pointed out a handsome gray Olds and promptly peeled off \$4,000 in bonus cash to pay for it.

It would not have done to let him get high-hat, though. He came back from class one day to find a sign, "The Jon Arnett Museum," tacked on his door. His roomie, a nonjock future dentist, had ransacked his drawers, his closets and even the trunk of his car, and dumped his most-valuable-player trophies, his All-This-and-That plaques, his fan mail, his golf clubs, his handball gloves, etc. all over the room—it looked as if a tornado had struck a sporting goods store.

Despite the horseplay, we fancied ourselves as gentlemen—at least when ladies came visiting. The motto on the KA escutcheon was *Dieu et Les Dames*, meaning that God and women should be respected and honored. Once each month there was a Mother's Day, when the mothers would come to the campus, eat with their unusually well-mannered sons at the fraternity and sip tea at a subsequent get-together in the living room.

Late one morning on a Mother's Day, Arnett, as was his practically daily habit, strolled down the second-floor hallway to the shower room, turned on all the hot-water faucets to make it like a Turkish bath and took a short nap on the tile floor. Refreshed, clean and naked as a newborn fawn, he was halfway back to his room when suddenly there appeared two ladies taking an impromptu tour.

"Hi, Mothers," said Jaguar without breaking his stride, "what's for lunch?" **END**



What if Pontiac decided to build a car like this? Pontiac decided.



V Leaving competition in the lurch is a way of life to Pontiac's ingenious engineers. And the swank Pontiac Grand Prix parked on this page ought to tell you they're living up to their image. Our '69 Grand Prix is so new, in fact, it's based on its very own, one-of-a-kind chassis that rides like it was designed for cruising, but built for cornering. That swooping hood (over six feet long, we hasten to add) covers an equally impressive power depart-

ment. 350 hp is standard, or you can order up to a 390-hp V-8. Floor-mounted, 3-speed stick is standard, but there's always the super-slick, 3-speed Turbo Hydra-matic, if you want to order it. There's also an interior that suggests interplanetary travel and the only other thing we can say about it is that it's also available in leather. As for the Grand Prix radio antenna. Ask your Pontiac dealer. He's the man to let you in on the automotive secret of the year.

'69—The year of the great Pontiac break away



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Old Taylor than a lot of
anything else.”**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

O. J. ALL THE WAY?

Sirs,

You'll forgive me if I chuckle a little about your story (*The Face-off That Never Was*, Oct. 14) on O. J. Simpson running "at, inside of, around or over the top of Hendricks." Now, I'm not anti-O. J. As a matter of fact, I'm not even pro-Miami, though I do believe the 30-0 victory over LSU was a little better reflection of Miami's ability than the 28-3 loss to USC.

The point I would like to make, gentlemen, is that Dan Jenkins failed to make his point, and so did your picture sequence showing O. J. cutting inside of Hendricks. On this particular play, it is Hendricks' job to force O. J. inside and not let him turn the corner, which is exactly what the sequence shows him doing. The tackles and linebackers were at fault for the big gain that ensued.

But if it was picture sequences you wanted, how about the play on which Hendricks pursued O. J. across the field and caught him from behind for a loss?

These, I believe, were the only two times in the game the two came anywhere near each other, because films of the game clearly show O. J. running away from—not directly at—Hendricks at least 80% of the time.

To me, the remarkable thing about the game was not that O. J. crunched out his usual 163 yards. Anyone who carries the ball 38 times in one game is bound to gain a good deal of yardage. To me, the remarkable thing was that Hendricks, playing for a team that lost 28-3, was named the outstanding lineman of the game by covering sportswriters. Apparently, some other writers saw a few things that Mr. Jenkins failed to see.

DAVID S. JENKINS

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs,

It is apparent that Mr. Jenkins and I saw two different football games Saturday night in the Los Angeles Coliseum, although the score bears mute testimony to the outcome. O. J. Simpson is the finest running back in college football today, notwithstanding Mr. Jenkins' Heisman Trophy pandering.

My point, briefly, is that I do not think the score of this game necessarily tells the whole story, and, as was evident from the newspapers and Coach McKay's television show, this was a much harder game than either the score or Mr. Jenkins indicated. Furthermore, Mr. Jenkins' description of Hendricks' play, and the pictures run with it are not necessarily true indicators of the performance seen. Would it have been, for example, as fair to have run a picture of

Simpson losing two yards against the left side of Miami's defensive line (as he did) and then suggest that Leroy Keyes is the only candidate for the Heisman Trophy?

I have in general found your reporting of sports events to be adequate, always reserving the right to see with my own eyes and then compare, and this article did justice to neither a fine athlete, as Hendricks is, nor to a fine runner, as Simpson is.

STEPHEN A. KOTZIN, M.D.

San Diego

SHOT IN THE ARM

Sirs:

It seems incongruous that Mickey Lolich and Denny McLain were allowed to pitch in the World Series after both received shots of pain-killing drugs, yet Danzer's image was disfigured as winner of the Kentucky Derby for a similar offense.

Where does the sports world draw the line?

A. B. ANDREA

New York

THAT'S FOOTBALL

Sirs,

After two years of reading your magazine, I have failed to hear a favorable word about the N.Y. Jets. I got used to the verbose attacks on Joe Namath, the annual A.F.L. predictions which tell why the Jets will never quite win it. But the article *Winning with a Loser's Luck* (Oct. 14) was too much. Edwin Shneke more or less condemned the Jets for winning the type of game in which they are blessed with good fortune rather than good offense. That's football, and those are the breaks which make all sports fascinating.

MIKE TEPLITZ

Woodmere, N.Y.

WHIPPING BOY

Sirs

Mr. Wilson says (19TH HOLE, Oct. 21) that photo shows Damascus with his ears pricked and Baeza's whip pointing skyward at the finish of Woodward Stakes. So what? Maybe Damascus doesn't like the whip. Maybe he needs a mile and a quarter to settle into stride. Some horses just can't be hurried.

Let's take the whipfirst. Mr. Wilson seems to think Baeza should have used it on Damascus. Well, some horses do their best only under a whip ride and some go to pieces and sulk at the touch of a whip. I do not know Damascus. I don't know if he likes the whip or not. I'm pretty sure a rider like Baeza does know. And another thing, that strong-finish stuff is baloney. There isn't a jockey in the world who can

get any more speed out of a game horse once he's turned loose in the stretch.

Now the ears. Mr. Wilson said Damascus had his ears pricked at the finish. The ears standing up at the finish could mean, simply, that Damascus was still fresh at the finish, that he had plenty left but just wasn't good enough that day. I say this because while flattened-out ears may mean the horse is driving, it also may mean he's tired.

WILLIAM DONNELLY

Tulsa

WILD ABOUT HARRY (CONT.)

Sirs:

Thank you for the very fine story on the voice of the St. Louis Cardinals, Harry Caray. The warm summer evenings wouldn't seem quite right without a "holy cow" bouncing out of the radio. He brings baseball to people who never have an opportunity to see a game.

Harry truly is a nonconformist in a sad world of radio-TV conformity. He stands head and shoulders above the bland mechanical announcers on national networks. And there are very few others who make you feel as if you are in the second row of the box seats back of first.

Here in Colorado we can hear the games on KMOX "under the right conditions" or else from Tulsa or Topeka, Kans. Sometimes it is a comatose switching of the dial just to keep the game tuned in. But it's worthwhile to hear Harry describe Maxwell hitting a home run in Shea Stadium, or Schofield hitting one in the 11th to help beat the Braves, or Bobby Tolan making a great catch in right field and throwing a runner out at home all in one motion, or Gibson getting his 13th shutout of the 1968 campaign. It's almost better than being there.

Keep that fistnet loose, Harry, and here's to 24 more good years with the Cards.

BILL HOTIHSO

Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Sirs,

Harry Caray may be very exciting to Cardinal fans, but to an unbiased onlooker his amateurish babbling can be downright annoying. After two years of seeing him look foolish next to old pro Curt Gowdy, I've had just about enough. One of the prime ingredients for good broadcasting which Gowdy possesses, and Caray so obviously lacks, is knowing when to keep quiet.

If Harry insists on sounding like a fan in the bleachers, I suggest he take his buttocks next to them and leave the broadcasting to men who realize that everyone isn't rooting for the Cardinals.

HARVEY CARAS

Malden, Mass.

continued

CHAPTER TWO: THE RENAULT 16 SEDAN-WAGON



Our story opened with the Renault 10. And that chapter is being written every day. At last count, there were over 35,000 Renault 10's on the road.

And so the stage is nicely set for our latest installment: The Renault 16 Sedan-Wagon.

There isn't anything in the world quite like it.

When it was introduced to Europe in 1965 it was voted Car of the Year by a jury of 32 international car editors. A Rolls-Royce placed 2nd. The Oldsmobile Toronado, 3rd.

The Sedan-Wagon. Besides being a new chapter for us, the



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STATION WAGON



STATION WAGON



STATION WAGON

Sedan-Wagon represents a new chapter in the auto industry.

Until now, even if you only needed a station wagon occasionally, you had to drive one around all the time. With the Renault 16, you drive around a sedan. And when you need a station wagon, it turns into a station wagon.

The front-wheel drive. Quite logical. The engine up front to get maximum hauling area in the rear. The drive wheels also up front to get maximum traction from the engine's weight.

The engine. Pressure cast aluminum block. 5 main bear-

ings. And a sealed liquid cooling system that virtually eliminates the bother of having to add anti-freeze. It can milk 30 miles out of a gallon of gas, and still manage a top speed of 93 mph. It is so well put together that you could roll up 30,000 continuous miles at 85, as we did, back and forth and back and forth between Rome and Milan.

The seats. They're every bit as comfortable as those in the Renault 10. And the seats in the Renault 10 have been stacked up against the seats in the Rolls-Royce.

The road manners. The suspension is soft, without being mushy. Each wheel moves up and down independently, controlled by extremely long torsion bars. It has self-adjusting, no play, rack and pinion steering. As well as 2 anti-roll bars. It can haul around curves at heart-freeing speeds, so incredibly does it grip the road.

The braking. Pressure limiting drum brakes in back that automatically adjust to load weight. Huge self-adjusting disc brakes up front.

The ventilation. All the fresh air you want without the roar of open windows. Plus the convenience of a heating system flexible enough to pour warm air on your feet and cool air on your face.

There is much, much more we'd like to tell you about the Sedan-Wagon. Not the least of which is its price. \$2,445 P.O.E.* But it is rapidly becoming apparent that in writing about chapter two, we are beginning to write a book.

To be continued.



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15TH HOLE continued

NO NO

Sirs:

Once again I must tip my hat to the editors of SI for doing their thing. By now it is no secret to the sports-reading public that is soon as some unfortunate "hero" makes his appearance on the cover of SI he at once becomes a marked man.

So in the tradition of burning winners into losers the wise old heads at *Sports Illustrated* treated the public to a special fold-out cover on its October 7 issue: The World Champion Cardinals complete with colorful outfits, colorful personalities, colorful salaries. Result? THE WORLD CHAMPION DETROIT TIGERS.

It just occurred to me that you might be doing your country a great service if you put Ho Chi Minh on your cover. Undoubtedly, the war would end in a week.

EDWARD ORT

Brooklyn

CANADIAN COUSINS

Sirs:

I am glad you published Bill Illerbrun's letter in your October 7 issue drawing attention to our Canadian Football League.

We would be no match for your professional teams at a "World Series," for reasons that I am sure you know.

However, some day Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Toronto will have domed stadiums, then we will do our best to "sock it to you."

Meanwhile we will continue to enjoy your coverage of American sports, with a polite request to Tex Maule and Co. to glance northward occasionally, just to see what your Canadian cousins are up to.

J.F. HODGE

Toronto, Ont.

Sirs:

Bill Illerbrun pointed out that although Eldridge Dickey may be the first black quarterback to become a regular in American pro football, he couldn't become the first in pro football because of a Negro quarterback in the Canadian Football League. In an editor's note after the letter you said, "Dickey will in fact be the third." It remains to be seen whether or not this statement will come true. The odds are against it. Marlin (the Magician) Briscoe of the Denver Broncos became the first Negro quarterback in the AFL when he appeared against Boston on September 29 in a backup role. Briscoe played about 10 minutes, completed two of six passes, rushed for 51 yards on five attempts and scored a touchdown on a great 12-yard run. Although he is not yet a regular, Briscoe is a lot closer to becoming one than Dickey.

I would also like to say to Mr. Illerbrun that although the AFL and the NFL are not the only professional football leagues,

they are clearly the best. The Green Bay Packers are definitely the world champions. By Mr. Illerbrun's reasoning, the Packers must also play the champions of the Continental Football League before they could claim their title. Don't be ridiculous.

JIM DAVIS

Denver

Sirs:

Bill Illerbrun's letter suggests that the NFL champion is not really a world champion because it has proved its supremacy only in America and has not taken on the Canadian champion. This is pure lunacy. As an American who lived in Canada for eight years, I am amazed that anyone who has seen both the NFL and CFL could even think about comparing the two leagues. The CFL features second-rate talent, mere cost-offs from the NFL and AFL, and a brand of ball that can only be compared to high school play in its quality. An NFL-CFL championship (under any rules) would be a farcical mismatch. The Canadian champion and Purdue would be more like it.

STEPHEN J. DeGANGE

Bowling Green, Ohio

Sirs:

It seems to me that Bill Illerbrun overlooked the fact that most Canadian League players feel they have reached their career's height when they're accepted by the NFL. Therefore, it follows that the NFL really is the best league and the Packers really deserve the title of World Champions.

DAVID DAWSON

Allendale, S.C.

ARE LOSERS FAILURES? (CONT.)

Sirs:

If the closing letter in your September 16 issue from New Jersey Sports Editor Shabazzan implying that all losers fail remains the last word on the quotation from William Lyon Phelps, Phelps will rest uneasily indeed. I have been cribbing Phelps for years and the word he chose was stronger than "success." Phelps said that the front page too often chronicles man's failure, the sports page is a recording of his triumphs. Phelps's sports page, however, was quite different from Shabazzan's. I do enjoy today's sports page, but when I count the dollar signs there are more than in the business section.

Some fine depictions of the things Phelps saw are in the film *Olympus*, a documentary work of art showing the 1936 Berlin Olympics as many men triumph over time and distance, and their fatigue. Of course the triumph of the winners is recorded, but also a marathon runner collapsing as he crossed the line—he finished eighth, but he finished—plus the subtle triumph of Lutz Long, the great German athlete, beaten by the only man by whom he could be beaten, pos-

continued



If a vandal tore up your shrubs, and you leaped into your car to chase him, backed into a tree which fell on the garage next door, causing your neighbor to break your nose in a fit of pique, you could smile. **IF YOU HAD A UNIGARD.** Because a Unigard is the independent agent who handles Unigard insurance. And Unigard insurance is a new name for a great, 67-year old family of firms that cover everything, from people to people's stuff. So, look up a Unigard in the yellow pages. Protecting you completely is his policy.

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How's that for a new record?

The Conquerors Won, Thanks to the Conquered

The Japanese beat every nation of Southeast Asia in waging war, and history claims that they beat the whole world in the Olympic marathon of 1936. But the front-runner was really a patriotic Korean by HAL DRAKE

The record books tell how a runner named Kitei Son won the marathon at the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games for the greater glory of Imperial Japan. Well, the record books are wrong, as the man they called Kitei Son himself will tell you. The records are wrong because the real name of the man who won that race is Sohn Kee Chung, a proud Korean who did not and would not ever do anything for the glory of Korea's Japanese conquerors. He won the marathon all right, but he won it for Korea—and never mind what was decreed by those who tried to “Japanize” his country, who forbade Koreans to celebrate their national festivals, to wear their national dress or even to speak their own language.

Born 55 years ago in Sinuju, which is just across the Yalu River from Manchuria, Sohn began running as a schoolboy during the Japanese occupation when everything was taught in Japanese and a Korean child had to learn his native tongue in secret. One of his teachers was a man named Il Sun Lee. Lee looked over the gangling, slightly frail youth in his elementary school class and thought he might make a good runner.

Together Lee and Sohn invented their training methods. To build wind, strength and stamina, they loaded Sohn's baggy *jeog* work pants with sand and strapped rocks on his back until his legs became stalks of muscle. By the time he was 14, Sohn was the school's 5,000- and 10,000-meter champion.

When Sohn, at the age of 17, won a student marathon in remarkable time, Lee's ambition grew. Despite Japanese insistence that athletes from conquered territories such as Korea, Taiwan and Manchuria compete as Japanese, he was determined to get Sohn to the 1936 Olympic Games, and he succeeded.

There was another Korean on the Jap-

anese team: a student named Nam Sung Yong, then living in Japan. In the trials before the Japanese team left for Berlin, Sohn raced Nam through the streets of downtown Tokyo and was beaten by several minutes. He had no real reason to believe he would do better at the Games. “It was a big world,” he says, “and there were lots of fine runners in it.”

Nevertheless he was full of hope as the team rode across Russia and Europe, arriving in Berlin 12 days after it left Tokyo. There, when asked to sign the official register, Sohn Kee Chung defiantly wrote his name in Korean and drew a small map of Korea beside his signature. It was one of many he drew during 20 days of training, whenever anyone asked him where he was from.

As he recovered from the tiring trip across Russia and recouped his wind, legs and timing, Sohn suddenly felt a surge of confidence. “I knew I was going to win,” he says, but he was the only one in Berlin who did know it. Most experts were betting on the Argentinean, Juan Carlos Zabala, who had won at Los Angeles four years earlier. There was also a lean, durable Englishman named Ernest Harper. The Japanese? They had won only two track events in the entire history of the Olympics. They would be lucky if their marathon runners even finished.

The Games began with noisy pomp and ceremony. Uniformed Hitler Youth marched in a torchlight parade at the Lustgarten. The Olympic flame was carried from there to the stadium. Hitler ranted and thousands of arms thrust up in the standard salute to Aryan nationalism. But there was one non-Aryan in Berlin as fanatically nationalistic as any Nazi: the Korean Sohn Kee Chung.

At the start of the marathon the world's best distance runners were lined

up against him: Zabala and Harper and an American named Ellison Myers (The Indian) Brown. There were the three Finns—Erkki Tamila, Vaino Moioinen and Mauno Tarkainen. The starting gun released a flock of 50 marathoners in all. Their long course thrust out of the stadium, over an auto racetrack, out of the city, into the country and back—26 miles, 385 yards.

As expected, Zabala immediately flashed ahead. He was out to win big and better the record he had set in Los Angeles four years before. Sohn was in 20th place. Brown and the three Finns were ahead of him, and the Finns were using an alternate-lead technique that kept the freshest man near the front.

Two miles gone, Zabala was still ahead. He had set such a brutal pace that runners began falling to their knees, sobbing with exhaustion, or staggered off the road, shaking their heads.

Three miles, more runners gone. Zabala was in the lead; behind him was Brown. In third place, snapping at the American's heels, was Harper. Sohn was in fourth place.

Sohn put on a spurt and ran even with the rangy Englishman. Brown appeared to be far ahead of him now and Zabala even farther. Sohn started a move to catch up.

“Take it easy,” a quiet voice next to him said. Sohn glanced to the right. He knew no English but the meaning of Harper's words were instantly clear. The two runners became close friends then and there in the heat of that bitterly contested race.

Sohn and his new friend ran even for the next 14 miles. There are those who say Harper sacrificed his own chances at the 17-mile mark by telling Sohn to run ahead, but Sohn denies this. In any case, Brown suddenly faded, and Sohn loped past him. Nineteen miles gone.

continued

Never underestimate the power of a compact

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The Conquerors *continued*

An exhausted Zabala was starting to weave and stumble. He glanced back and saw Sohn coming up on him.

Two more miles and the tiny Argentinean finally collapsed.

Sohn was not exactly fresh himself. He felt a bursting pain in his chest; leaden exhaustion crept down his legs.

"The human body can do so much," Sohn says simply. "Then your heart and spirit must take over."

Sohn's spirit was as good as his wind and legs had been. It was needed; the toughest part of the course, a steep rise, was just ahead. Puffing and dizzy, Sohn started to climb. The tough, determined Harper was not far behind. At last they made it, Sohn ran the last flat, twisting miles to the stadium in an easy lope and finished first in a record 2:29:19.2. Harper followed two minutes later. Amazingly enough, Sohn's teammate Nam was third.

Still dazed, Sohn stood on a podium, and told newspapermen again and again that he and Nam were Korean, not Japanese. They had won for Korea.

Back home the editor of one of Seoul's largest newspapers defiantly scratched the Rising Sun emblems off photographs of Sohn and Nam, identified them as Korean, and said they had won a great athletic victory for Korea. The Japanese threw the editor in jail and closed down his newspaper.

Sohn Lee Chung, alias Kai Son, never ran in another Olympics. The Games scheduled in 1940 were canceled because of war. In time that war liberated Sohn's homeland from the Japanese militarists only to put the northern part of it—the part that Sohn himself called home—under the domination of another set of tyrants. Sohn himself settled in the south and became a coach and adviser to a number of South Korean teams traveling all over the world.

He was present in Tokyo at the 1964 Olympics, and there he met an old friend: Il Sun Lee, the schoolteacher who had seen promise in a gangling lad some 35 years before and sent him on to become an Olympic champion. It was not a friendly meeting. Lee by then was the coach of a Communist track team from the North whose athletes withdrew from the Games in anger when the International Olympic Committee said they would have to join forces with the team from the South and compete as a unit.

END

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10TH HOLE *continued*

sibly because he gave that man advice that on his last chance helped him qualify. Why? Because a gold medal with Jesse Owens fouled out was less valued than to win or lose to Owens at his best.

Lud Shubasian should live a little longer. He will learn that in the long run we all lose though we need not fail. You don't always have to finish first to win. True, one of those trailing jocks on the slower horses may be carrying Lud's two bucks, but what does he want him to do? Get off and carry the horse? Lud is in the wrong job. If he is right and Phelps was wrong, there is no point to sport.

DON McISAAC

Santa Monica, Calif.

RIGHT TOWN, WRONG TEAM

Sirs:

If Joe Kuharich had ever coached the San Francisco 49ers as you say (*If You Know a Good Joke, Tell It to Philadelphia*, Sept. 23), they might not now be titleless in the NFL. Joe enjoyed some of his best football years in this city. Where he did coach, 1947-51, was here at the University of San Francisco, and over the final three seasons he molded one of the great collegiate teams the sport has known. Undeclared, united and uninvited (to a bowl), the 1951 Dons sent seven first-stringers into the NFL (a record), among them Ollie Matson, Gino Marchetti, Bob St. Clair and Ed Brown.

All that may be ancient sports history now, although Matson retired from the Eagles just last year. A reporter can be forgiven for forgetting or not knowing it except, perhaps, by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle. He was the publisher for that USF team.

JAMES W. KELLY JR.

San Francisco

BIG JUMP

Sirs:

We read all the publicity and stories in your magazine concerning Evel Knievel and his scheduled attempt to jump the Grand Canyon on his motorcycle on Labor Day. Since then—nothing but silence.

Please, did he make it or fall in?

THE LIBRARY CLUB

TROY HIGGS SENIOR

Troy, Pa.

● Knievel has not abandoned his plans to jump the Grand Canyon but has been unable to obtain permission from the federal agencies who administer the land along the Colorado River. Meanwhile, he is arranging to purchase a launching site north of Twin Falls, Idaho for a one-mile warmup jump across the 700-foot-deep canyon of the Snake River.—ED.



don't be quart short

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A color photograph of a man in a cowboy hat and a blue button-down shirt, smoking a cigarette. He is looking down at a small red object in his hands. In the bottom left corner, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are shown: a red pack labeled 'Marlboro FILTER CIGARETTES' and a yellow pack labeled 'Marlboro LONGHORN 100's'. The background is a clear blue sky.

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